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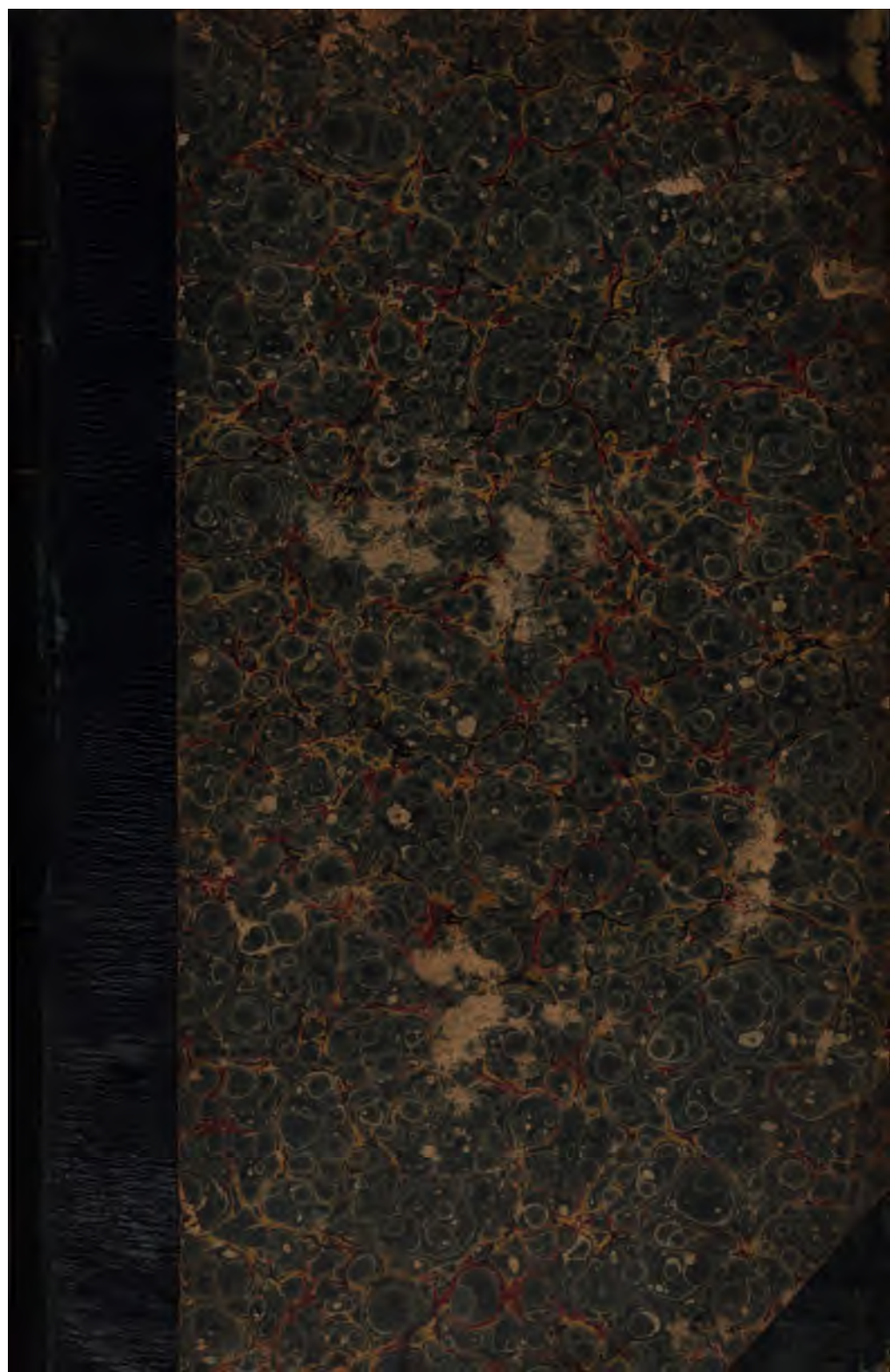
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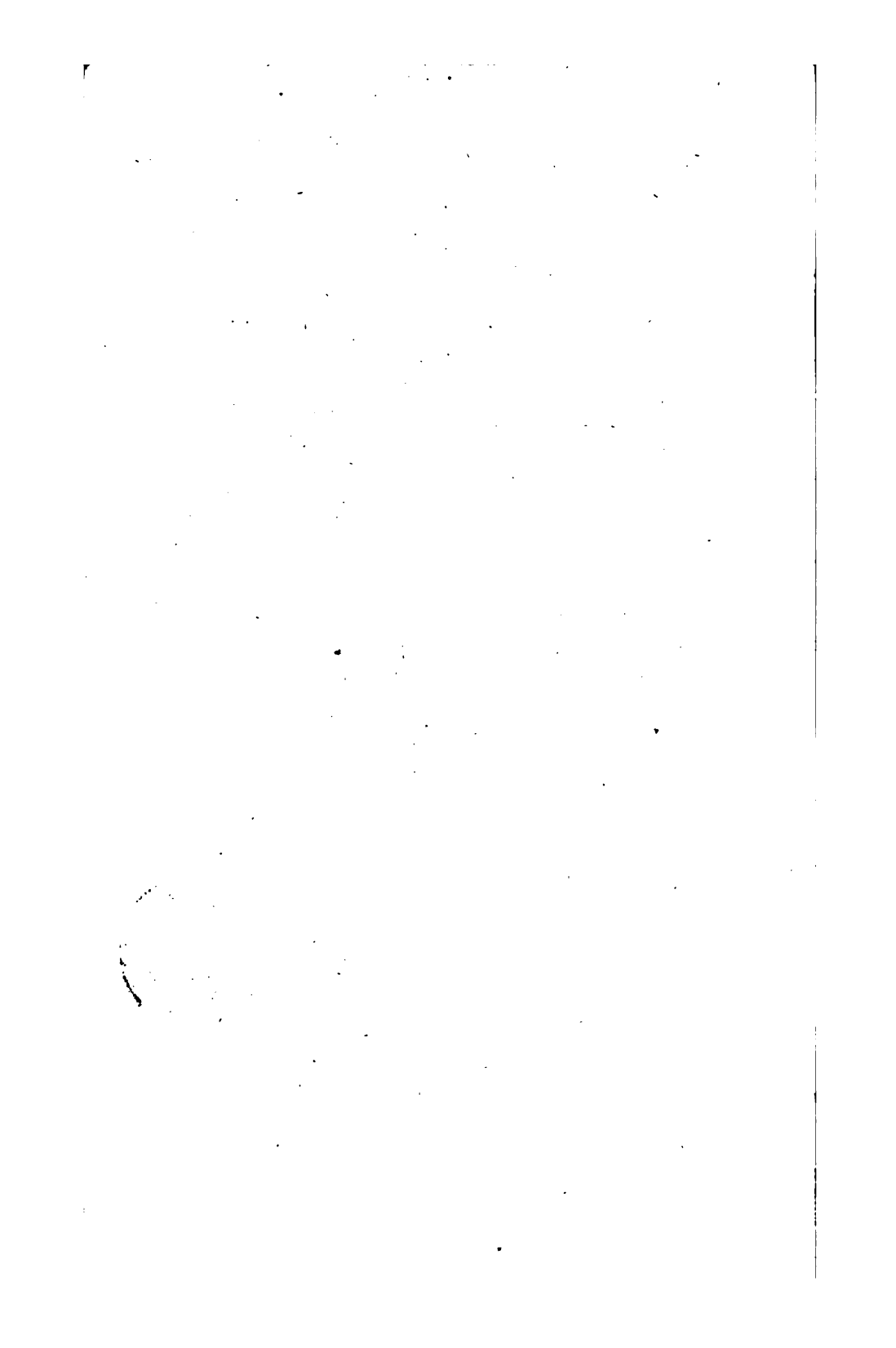
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L I F E:

A ROMANCE.

By ***

"Fast, fast it fleeteth, even as a dream, human life away."

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. III.

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L I F E.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE CORRESPONDENCE.

“ Why so pale and wan, fond lover,
Why so wan and pale ?
Will, if looking well can't win her,
Looking ill prevail ?
Prythee why so pale ?”

“ Ein Mädchen und ein Gläschen Wein
Kuriren alle Noth,
Und wer nicht trinkt, und wer nicht kusst,
Der ist so gut wie todt.”

WE bade adieu to Wriothsley, to college, and
to college life. The ingenuous deportment and

almost parental kindness of Mr. Aitkins and Miss Netterville, could not be recollected without emotion. Nor did they part from us without a hope that we should soon resume our college duties, and, so far as Perkins was concerned, our visit. These duties however, were never resumed, nor was this visit ever paid. That warm-hearted woman, on parting with Perkins, exclaimed, "My dear young friend, I am reluctant that you should go. You are sure to experience kindness every where; but I am sorry," and as she spoke, the tears stood in her eyes, "just when I had learned to take care of you, that we should part."

Our homeward route did not lie by the hamlet where the Fanshaws resided; we had not therefore, an opportunity of revisiting its interesting inhabitants; those of them, at least, who were interesting to us. We learned however, through indirect sources, that they were well. Dame Fanshawe indeed, occasionally forwarded little presents of preserved fruit, cream cheeses,

and the like. There came not many letters, but what was almost as significant, there was often a pair of embroidered ruffles or a stock, severally white as snow, for Mr. Edward. In some little corner, small ciphers E. P. wrought with Ellen's needle, usually found a place. What Perkins chose to interchange, I do not exactly know. I rarely liked to advert to the subject, since deep sighs and earnest melancholy looks were the most frequent response. I remember seeing at intervals, small piles of cambric handkerchiefs, the produce of France, essences, gloves suited for female wear, and books such as a young person might read. These and other little matters, doubtless destined for Ellen, disappeared to be replaced by something analogous in turn. I only learned by chance, that he continued the stipend which Mrs. Fanshawe received while under her roof. "Perhaps," said he, "I may return: I know that the rooms which I occupied, and the books which I left, are arranged as heretofore; and

could vision extend thither, I should see the flowers of the season placed as before, on my table and on my pillow."

To have once seen Ellen Fanshawe indeed, was never to forget her. Perkins had found her a blooming country maiden, but the spiritualizing influence which he exercised, while it left her pure and innocent as before, raised her gradually, but inevitably, above the condition in which she was born. Her mind became progressively elevated to the contemplation of objects of which she had never dreamed; and she had learned to look at the fair bright world around, and dream of brighter ones, through the intervention of her young friend and instructor. I never thought of her as any other than his companion for life, should life be spared. If not married in very deed, I esteemed them already, as spiritually united. Edward Perkins, I felt assured, could never have another wife—Ellen Fanshawe, another husband.

I did not part from Julia, without the promise of a correspondence. I would take no refusal, and indeed, I do not know that any was attempted. Some degree of sweet confusion was certainly evinced. "How can I write to you, Charles; I have almost never written a letter in my life. Always residing with my mother, I have had few or no opportunities of forming a correspondence."

"So much the better for me, dearest," I rejoined—"no fairer opportunity could exist than now—do you promise me?" "I do." In effect, on arriving at my uncle's, a couple of letters, in a legible female hand, with the superscription — "To Charles Thornley Esqr." awaited my arrival.

"Ah! rogue," said my uncle, after he had given us a hearty reception, "is this the way thou art getting on? I must see this young lady who has committed such havoc with thy heart. And thou too," turning to Perkins, "what hast been about? I'll be bound thou hast not idled

thy time any more than my nephew." A blush was the only reply to this. "I see how it is, wise and learned as thou surely art, thou hast not escaped any more than the rest of us." Perkins protested against being termed one or the other; or if it were even true, that he should therefore be debarred from the exercise of the happiest prerogative of his nature. My kind uncle however, was already out of hearing, having gone to give directions touching matters connected with our arrival. As for myself, I hurried to my chamber to find nectar and ambrosia in the contents of Julia's letters.

I.

"Dear, dear Charles, your absence has left a sad and dreary blank which I have never been able to fill up. Our sitting room, the garden, the books we used to read together, the guitar, the now untouched music,—for how could I play alone—all remind me of you. If I ever sing, it is to embody in some plaintive melody, the regrets of absence, the misery of separation from

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those we love, and the ardent desire to meet again.

“My mother, in accents new to her, as they are strange and delightful to me, adverts again and again to your departure, in such terms as, well, I could not have thought it, that I should miss that youth so much.” It was a perfect happiness to her, preparing for breakfast, dinner, and supper; in thinking of, and seeing after your welfare; in plotting and considering how you could be induced to eat of this dish or of that; whether or not the doctor would forbid, and when your arm would get well. I really believe—forgive me for saying so,—that it would be a comfort to her, if some harmless accident should again consign you to her charge, and to all the good things which she would not fail to procure for you. I am sure such a consummation, always failing the accident, would be a real satisfaction to your poor Julia.

“Somebody has been at the pains—was it I,

to teach my poor starling to say—‘where’s Charles, pretty Charles—where is he gone?’ Did the dear bird divine my thoughts—or did he hear my foolish whisperings when alone? My mother says that all my liveliness is gone. ‘Why, child, you used to run and jump about when Charles Thornley was here. If he wanted a book, you flew rather than ran to procure it—now you move, when you move at all, at a snail’s pace, what has come over you, my child?’

“I wonder was my mother ever in love? Did sudden blushes rise in her cheeks when somebody’s name was but spoken—or did her heart flutter and bound when a well known voice, or a foot-fall that had been heard before, echoed in her ear?

“Mamma says that every young woman should know plain work forsooth; and here, I have been busy with our housekeeper, hemming, sewing, and cutting out; I have spoiled two whole—no matter what—by cutting bias

when it should have been straight, and straight when it should have been bias. I have put in tuckers where there should have been no tuckers, and omitted them where they should have been inserted. And in mamma's estimation, to crown all, I have sewed the seams on the wrong side. She has therefore, gone into a pet, taken all my work from me when I thought I was getting on so well, and will not let me have any more. Is it not strange?

"I have read about a hundred times, the dear letter which I had from Cambridge, written by a gentleman you know. It has never since, save to kiss it and read it afresh, left my bosom. Once or twice my mother saw me take it out, and asked me what I was reading. Thinks it was some receipt about which I was so careful; only think of keeping a receipt, perchance for pickling walnuts, next my heart! No, young women are not so thoughtful; at least I am not. When, ah, when, shall I hear again, prays thine own Julia?"

II.

“ Ah, such a rebound as my poor heart experienced at that cruel postman's knock. He brought a letter, but none from you. ‘How now, Julia?’ exclaimed mamma, ‘you’ll surely break your neck flying down those stairs.’ A letter, O joy! Ah, no—no letter from you! A pretty female hand, correct and forcible; the address ‘Miss Hastings.’ ‘Give it me’ said mamma—‘no one you know, writes to you Julia,’ ‘Ah, mamma, I thought to myself, you don’t know that. She was not in when your letter came; and I should blush to acknowledge, even to myself, that any man wrote to me. Ah, shame upon thee Julia, to write or to receive love-letters—hide thy little head! And, indeed, I do hide it sometimes; burning blushes cover my face, though unseen, and tears fall from my eyes; then come smiles and sweet reveries.

“ I was bitterly disappointed. The postman, I thought, had no right to bring letters unless

for me from you. A tear, I think, stood in my eye. 'Foolish girl' exclaimed my mother as she handed back the letter; 'it is not for me.'

'Miss Jones presents her compliments to Miss Hastings and requests the honour of her company at Royston Hall for Thursday afternoon. Miss Jones will do herself the pleasure of driving over early on Thursday, and hopes Miss Hastings will be able to accompany her. And if Miss Hastings could so manage as to prolong her visit for a few days or longer, Miss Jones would esteem it an additional favour.'

" 'Of course you will go,' said mamma. 'I had much rather not dear mamma,' I replied; 'the disagreeable consequences of my last visit are too fresh in my memory, that I should wish to incur the possibility of a similar risk.' 'Come now,' said mamma, 'you must admit they were not all disagreeable.' 'Ah, mamma how can you?' But I was inwardly gratified, for I feared she was beginning to forget all

about a certain Mr. Charles Thornley ; at least as regarded his intimacy with her daughter. She had however, done nothing of the sort. What mother, indeed, is unconscious or forgetful of the connexions which her daughter forms ? A father may be, but a mother never.

“ Ah Charles, dearest Charles, when shall I hear from you ? Have you no little memento for your Julia ? Send me, at least, a lock of your nut-brown hair. The scissors were in my hand to cut it off one evening, but some one came in. I have heard you speak of the broad-leaved myrtle growing in the open air at Thornley Hall ; send me a slip of it—send me both.”

III.

“ Here I am with Miss Jones. She is different from what I had supposed. She throws away all her *espieglerie*—that I think is the word,—on closer intercourse. I could not help telling her so. ‘ Ah, my dear,’ said she, ‘ I am not so audacious as you think ; only a poor

weak girl after all. But see how it is, possessed perhaps of some few personal recommendations, and of large pecuniary expectations, caring a little, I will confess, for the one, nothing at all for the other, I am preyed on—yes absolutely preyed on, by every thoughtless, needy, characterless fellow, and there are many such, with whom I come in contact. Adulation the most fulsome, attentions the most profuse, are lavished on me as they are sure to be on every well-looking young woman who has the misfortune to be deemed an heiress. And whatever some may affect to think or say to the contrary, it is a misfortune. If it only made one acquainted with the wise, the intelligent, the good of the opposite sex. I should esteem it otherwise; but beauty, youth, accomplishments, and money are a universal bait of attraction to the idle and rapacious, who would scruple not, though unable to love or be loved in return, to recruit their finances at the cost of all one's earthly happiness. Hence, dear

Miss Hastings, the source of my seeming boldness and *brusquerie*. My dear father too, by his unvarying indulgence, has perhaps contributed to spoil me a little; but for all my faults, I am not so bad as I seem. Perhaps I should not be unwilling to surrender my heart on equitable terms; but I have hardly seen the man to whose safe keeping I should care to entrust it.'

'Come now,' said I, for I remembered my promise, 'there is poor Wriothesley who is absolutely dying about you. His family, I understand, is good, his expectations, though remote, not indifferent. He cannot well, therefore, be included among the never-do-wells whom just now you so justly stigmatized.'

'Listen,' she exclaimed; 'well I declare you are a female Socrates. That learned lady whom I met the morning I drove over to your house, is but a simpleton in comparison. Now, confess it, fairest Julia; you feared I was going to carry off your Thornley.' I shall not say what

I confessed ; but *she* confessed to me that she thought you a nice young fellow enough, only clearly perceiving the preference already entertained, she would scorn to defeat it. If she had framed a wish, she said, it had been abandoned as soon as formed. Ah, Charles, then, admit, — had I not grounds for just apprehension ? Think of the danger incurred by thine own Julia.”

IV.

“Nobody could avoid loving this good old Squire. I suppose the frank old gentleman, with his bluff address and hearty laugh, has not an enemy in the world. How could he ?

“You would not believe the number of persons whom I see every day, for I did stay a little longer—lords and ladies, young and old, handsome and otherwise, amiable and illnatured. Miss Jones wears the port of Juno herself ; and receives the swarms of fluttering beaux with a cool composure that daunts the most presuming. Gentlemen who seem proudest of their attrac-

tions, and who boast, strange to say, of their conquests over our poor frail hearts, lose their *aplomb*—is not that the expression—when they come beside her, and admit with something like a groan, that she is invulnerable.

“ Really your friend owes me a debt of gratitude. I have been again interceding for him, but Miss Jones shakes her head. ‘The boy is well enough,’ she pettishly exclaimed, ‘but his being in love with me is no reason in the world why I should fall in love with him. Why bless your foolish little heart, if I were to reciprocate all the loves—all the professions at least, which have been made to me, I should vie with the famed goddess herself, in the number of my votaries. Young and old, rich and poor, witty and stupid, the high and titled, with the low and ignoble,’ continued this charming and witty girl, ‘have severally figured in the list of my suitors. I shall fall in love with nobody for these ten years to come, and then I suppose,

there will be no one, at least no one I shall care for, to fall in love with me !’

‘Ah,’ said I, ‘Miss Jones, some day perhaps, the little winged deceiver may surprise you as he has already surprised many others, and carry you off his prey when you least think of it.’ Here she sighed and remained silent, as if musing on something which she did not care to tell.

“Do you think of me every day and oftener ? Do you distinctly recollect that there is a poor, half-distracted girl that goes moping about, the shadow of her once vivacious self, talking like some crazed one, and half uttering a certain little word—somebody’s name—a name that for the world, she would not let any one hear ?

“One day a letter came, it was addressed to me. The servant brought it in a silver salver—had it been gold the precious burthen it bore would have deserved it. I took it ; I knew the characters ; one pen, one hand alone, could have traced them, for they were by you ! My face must have reddened violently as I lifted it.

I know I turned my head in haste aside, as if for something I seemed, or wished to seem to seek.

“ ‘ Pray what have you got,’ said Miss Jones in a manner so innocent, as quite to throw me off my guard. ‘ It is a letter,’ I simply replied, as I thrust it into my bosom. ‘ It is a letter,’ said the wicked girl, mocking me. ‘ Shew it me.’ Here I believe she would have torn it from my breast, had I not retreated to my own apartment, and devoured the dear contents in silence and alone.”

V.

“ Does your dear good uncle ever inquire after a certain naughty girl? I love him so for your sake, and if he would suffer me, would prove in very deed and truth a daughter. Present my kindest regards to Mr. Perkins; tell him that Miss Netterville has been repeatedly asking after him. How does she happen to inquire of me? Is it possible that she has divined, or is aware of our correspondence? I

hope indeed, that he is stronger ; he looked so pale and ill when you went away, that my heart ached for him.

“ A very singular occurrence, which I did not mention before, took place shortly after you had left us. I happened to be one day at Miss Netterville's, when an unpretending vehicle drove up, from which stepped a respectable middle-aged female, of aspect no ways peculiar. Immediately after, came a young girl of the most prepossessing exterior I ever witnessed. She was attired in brilliant muslin, a light cloak, and a straw hat, which did but suffice to confine her clustering curls, simply tied under the chin. Her neck, which displayed the most beautiful contour, resembled ivory, her hands when she drew off her gloves, were white as snow, her gait and every attitude at once graceful, self-possessed, and modest in the extreme. Ah, had you seen her, you would have failed, I fear me, to look at me. I never was so surprised ; so much so, that I stood for a time

without speaking, gazing at the fair stranger. After a curtesy, in acknowledgment of Miss Netterville's kind reception, she stated with some slight hesitation, but perfect propriety of manner, that her mother and herself, understanding that Mr. Perkins, whom they had known, was staying there, they had called to see him on their way from the house of a near relative—her mother's sister."

"Miss Netterville insisted on their remaining to rest and refresh themselves; but they assented with difficulty, the more so when they learned that the object of their inquiries had left for Thornley Hall. Our sweet guest's countenance expressed both emotion and regret, although she said nothing; her companion, however, gave unaffected expression to her disappointment, and spoke of Mr. Perkins as a being little short of angelic perfection. We were fascinated with our unknown visitant; so much grace, self-possession, and decorum, united with such heavenly, yes, heavenly

beauty and youth. She spoke with the most correct accent and intonation, employing the choicest language. A few accidental allusions revealed an amount of information, that it would have been fastidious to seek for, but which it was delightful to witness in one otherwise so charming.

“Who is this young beauty? The purity of her snow-white garments; the unaffected grace with which they were worn, her embroidered cambric handkerchief, reeking with richest perfume, and her light slippers, bespoke her a lady of high degree, but one who had never been mixed up with, nor contaminated by, the formalities and trivial conventions of the world.

‘And whose name shall I mention, my sweet darling,’ said Miss Netterville, as she kissed her fair guest’s cheek when she rose to take her leave, no inducement sufficing to detain them, ‘so that I may be able to inform Mr. Perkins, when next I shall have the pleasure of seeing him?’

“ ‘Ellen Fanshawe,’ if you please, said the fair creature, curtseying and colouring slightly as she spoke. A second curtsey preceded her taking a seat in the humble vehicle. The horse started, and the beautiful vision disappeared from our sight.

“Who is she, dearest Charles? forgive my curiosity, for I am dying to know. If I may guess, this fair young creature is Edward Perkins’ love. Miss Netterville has affirmed it again and again; and both unite in saying, that in form, features, and endowments, she is worthy of him—the dear youth,—aye, and more than worthy, were any human being, except perchance herself, purer and better than Perkins, to be discovered.

“And is the pale young student so wise and so good, in love? Does his heart beat and quiver—does he sigh and repeat Ellen’s name in his dreams; Ellen Fanshawe; why it is beautiful—beautiful as a name, almost too beautiful to change. Alas, she may never

change it ! All beauty is transient—perishable—woman that I am, I know it full well. This fair girl's loveliness is as the loveliness of another and a better world—ah, that it should ever change—ah, that it should experience decay. Her very look flits before me ever since, uniting, as it does, perfect purity and innocence, with unobtrusive grace, courtesy, and refinement. Indeed, the occurrence has but served to heighten the deep interest which all here are more than prepared to feel in Edward Perkins and his fortunes.

“ Charles, dear Charles, I think of you each morning—I think of you each dewy eve: daily do I pray for your happiness and prosperity. How is that poor arm, so sadly injured in defending unworthy me ? Has it regained—can it ever regain its former force and vigour ? To-day finds me repeating the regrets of yesterday, and to-morrow will doubtless find me recurring to those of to-day. It is a dear sweet pleasure, but it is also a sad torrent to

love. I enjoy the possession and the preference of the best and bravest heart in the world, and am I not happy, oh, so happy? Yes, I am truly so, but this fond trembling heart of mine will not be satisfied. It wants to nestle in beside you, to look up to you, to love you, to minister to you, to be with you.

"Tell me truly, have you thought of me to-day, my love—of your own fond Julia, who thinks of no one, dreams of no one, cares for no one, but you? Indeed, my Charles, if I imagined you could for a moment cease to think of me, I should lay me down in some quiet nook and die. But I have one comfort in store—you never can, never will, forget your Julia."

VI.

"Thanks, ten thousand thanks, for those dear acknowledgments. Ah, Charles, I am undeserving of such love—such devotion. Yet people will say, do say, the time will come

when love grows cold—such love as yours, as mine, O Charles,—I believe it not. True love is undying: life may perish, worlds be extinguished, but the loving soul still loves on, nourished by itself and in itself, free from every dross and earthly stain.

“Accident, as I have heard you say, dearest, sometimes succeeds, where design fails; and so it has fallen out with the fair Miss Jones and despondent Wriothesley. He had called one morning when I was at Royston Hall, when, whether from caprice or otherwise, she treated him with unusual petulance and scorn. The poor young man went away quite down-hearted. ‘Oh, Emily,’ I exclaimed, ‘how can you be so provoking? If he did not care for you, it would be the less matter, but in the condition in which he is evidently plunged, it is hard indeed.’ ‘Nonsense, my dear,’ she replied, ‘it is all make-believe and sham. You can’t trust these men, or what they do or say. So soon as he gets fairly out, I’ll be bound he’ll sing

and laugh.' And saying this, the giddy creature tripped to the window that she might see. 'I declare,' said she, 'here are the horses, and we are not half ready.'

"In a little while, we were equipped and mounted. I rode a fine steady horse, which, thanks to your instructions, and a tolerably powerful bit, I could manage pretty well. Miss Jones, on the other hand, with her usual inconsequence, rode a fiery animal, which somewhat like herself, had never been properly broken in. We proceeded, however, with an occasional curvet or bound, very comfortably through the park. These demonstrations always called forth the application of Miss Jones's whip, whereupon the beast would rear and plunge till I was really afraid to look at him.

"'Never mind, my dear,' exclaimed Miss Jones, when I ventured to remonstrate, 'never mind; I have ridden my gentleman before, and know how to manage him.' And here she gave a check with her rein and a slight fillip

with her whip, which made the spirited brute absolutely bound on all fours, the fearless girl maintaining, without swerving in the least, her well-balanced position, while she laughed at her own dexterity.

“Now we had freed the park, and were getting very well along the high road, horse and rider having become alike, apparently sobered down and quiet. All at once, as we turned a corner, a heavy stage coach, crowded with passengers, going to some country fair, came in view. Many of them were intoxicated, shouting and singing at the top of their voices. To increase the confusion, the driver was blowing his horn ; so that, what with the noise, the rumbling of the wheels, and the approach of the ponderous vehicle on a road not over wide, Miss Jones’s horse, the reins of which she had been carelessly holding with one hand, wheeled round as if on a pivot, and darted off at a gallop. She was destitute neither of courage nor presence of mind, but the fiery animal was

evidently beyond a woman's feeble grasp to restrain. As for myself, I followed mechanically ; and the now alarmed groom, endeavoured to overtake his young mistress. Sensible that the noise of pursuit would only still further excite the maddened animal, the man kept as much as possible on the turfy borders of the road, in which respect I endeavoured to imitate him.

"The irregular gait of the flying horse, and the partial check which his courageous rider was able to effect by straining on the bit, enabled our steady-going steeds to gain upon the fugitive. Now however, a very critical turn was at hand. An old road, wholly disused save for the purpose of drawing gravel from a very deep pit, lay exactly in front ; the actual thoroughfare extended to the left. Upon whether the runaway would go straight forward or turn the corner, Miss Jones's chance would entirely depend. He might keep, or his rider be able to keep him on the beaten track, but it

was quite uncertain. All that man could do was done by the groom. He pricked his willing steed till the generous animal proceeded at a prodigious rate, so as, if possible, first to gain the entrance to the gravel-pit. It was in vain; up this very entrance did Miss Jones's flying steed impetuously hurry. It was impossible to save her—all was lost. Horse and rider would be hurried alike over the yawning precipice, now close at hand, a catastrophe which no means at our disposal would suffice to avert! The unhappy girl was aware of her approaching fate; she faintly tried to rein up her horse; she threw herself back in her saddle; she even shrieked, the first and last time in her existence. Now—now we feared to hear the hideous crash, when suddenly, a man in military costume, was seen to rush forward, and to grasp the infuriated animal, on the very brink. In vain, he reared and struggled; in vain, he plunged and bounded till we thought all three would have been hurled into the abyss beneath.

We stood breathless, transfixed with horror and apprehension. But the brute was held with iron hand ; at length, he knew his master—man, and yielded to the higher power. Nature now asserted her rights ; the fainting girl fell forward, and was received by Wriothsley, for it was indeed he, in one arm, while with the other he retained the horse.

“ Gladly did we now approach. The rejoicing groom, as he touched his hat, took charge of the cattle ; and Wriothsley laid his tender burthen on the grass, supporting Miss Jones’s head, at the same time. I ran for water to sprinkle her face ; and found a supply at the bottom of the pit which I cautiously descended for the purpose. I dipped my handkerchief into the cooling fluid, and gently smote Miss Jones’s relaxed features. Prompt reanimation, a sweet smile, and eyes kindling with gratitude, soon rewarded our exertions. She blushed when she discovered in whose arms she had been reclining, and endeavoured to rise ; but

returning weakness and a sense of swimming in the head, caused her to seek afresh the gladly-proffered support. At length, she was able to sit up and look about her. The groom was now directed to return home with the horses, and to meet us with the carriage; his mistress had had quite enough of equestrian exercise for that day.

‘So,’ said she, turning to Wriothsley, taking his arm in addition to mine—‘so, my poor fellow, you have saved my life.’ ‘Yes,’ exclaimed Wriothsley,—looking wistfully and hesitatingly at the speaker, ‘and that too, at a moment when I was thinking of the best means of disposing of my own. When I left your house this morning, it was with the firm determination of abandoning an existence that had become hateful to me.’ ‘That would have been foolish,’ replied Miss Jones, ‘for you see we women are somewhat changeable. And indeed, I won’t be so hard with you in future,’ just touching his arm with the handle of her

riding whip, 'indeed, I won't. I owe you too large a debt of gratitude, which I must try'—smiling and blushing as she spoke, 'somehow to cancel.'

"Never surely, was contrast in human demeanour so sudden, so instantaneous. Your friend had clearly not even ventured to anticipate any thing in return for his noble daring. But assurances thus unequivocal, from lips which heretofore had only been opened to scorn and deride, sufficed to create a paroxysm of the most unbounded joy. He expressed his transports by a thousand extravagancies, which Emily afterwards, to my great surprise, told me she did not consider at all extravagant. He exclaimed—he shouted—he jumped—he sung, and naughty man, he even swore; and to crown all—you never did so by me, Charles, before we knew what he was about, he knelt down and kissed her feet. 'Did I possess a thousand lives,' he again and again reiterated, 'a thousand times should I have sacrificed them for

you. I would have gone to the uttermost ends of the earth—I would have dared fire and water for your sake—yes, for your dear sake.’ Then came a fresh burst of extravagance, which a madman or a lover alone could have perpetrated.

“Miss Jones raised her hand two or three times as if to chide him, but the motion was stayed. I think, but I am not sure, that I saw her eyes grow moist; at any rate, she remained silent; it was clear, she was an altered woman. ‘I suppose,’ said I, ‘Mr. Wriothesley, we must listen to all this fulsome stuff on the score of your recent exploit; were I Miss Jones, I should be dubious of your honied words.’ Here Miss Jones gave me a little pinch; as for poor Wriothesley, he looked quite blank supposing that I was serious. ‘Ah, Miss Hastings,’ he exclaimed with a sigh, ‘you know my sincerity; you promised to intercede for me, and now.’ ‘And I did intercede for you; no one knows better than this fair lady

by my side.' 'I know no such thing,' she said, putting her hand on my lips and lapsing a little into her former petulance; but a deep blush gave contradiction to her words. Now, for the first time, Wriothsley appeared to understand the character of his fair enslaver, and smiled in his turn; whereat Emily whispered; 'I fear I am lost—see the sad fellow—he is beginning to grow confident already.'

"In this way we proceeded till met by the carriage. Wriothsley assisted us in, but did not presume to enter till invited. 'Come sir, won't you get in; perhaps you would rather walk, or possibly, you have some engagement.' No second invitation was necessary. In he sprang, listening with a laugh or a smile to every thing that was said to him, the very picture of ecstatic enjoyment. In truth, Wriothsley, his profession notwithstanding, though full of courage, is a modest backward man. I told Emily so; but she argued the contrary, and said the men were all bold, forward, and

confident. I could have told her of another very proper good man, but I did not—nor shall I tell you naughty fellow, nor write another letter, unless you send me one that is very nice and very, very long.”

VII.

“On getting to the old Hall, Captain Wriothesley was out in a moment and helped us to descend. I really believe he was going to take his leave, when Miss Jones called out. ‘Well, you are very provoking; do you think we shall let you away in this manner. You must stay and dine with us; won’t you come in sir?’

“The good old knight almost met us at the door. He was not at home when the servant went back for the carriage; but he had learned the almost tragical occurrence at second hand, and was at once shocked and rejoiced at the narration. In fact, he idolized his daughter; and had any mischance occurred to her, it

would have brought down his grey hairs with sorrow to the grave.

‘Dear, dear papa,’ springing into his arms, ‘this gentleman has saved my life; he is going to dine with us, and you must be very kind to him.’ ‘Why, my dear,’ after a hearty embrace, ‘this is young Captain Wriothsley whom you would not suffer me to ask before.’ ‘Even so papa; and now he is going to dine with us to day, and more than to day I expect.’ Here, she tripped away, followed by your Julia to dress for dinner; the old gentleman with tears in his eyes and a countenance indicative of fond delight and admiration, looking after her, and exclaiming—‘miracles will never cease.’

“When we were alone, Emily threw herself on a chair.—‘Well, this is a pretty close to all my high resolves. So these odious men have got the better of me at last, and I am obliged to love them whether I will or no.’

‘Nay, now my dear Miss Jones, Captain Wriothsesley is too generous to wish to coerce your affections.’ ‘Nay, now Miss Prim,’ she rejoined, mocking my accents, ‘who told you I did not want to be coerced. I love the dear fellow, I do—so noble, so generous, so young. He saved my life, and I’ll marry, yes, I’ll marry him whenever he will.’ Here, she smiled, and blushed; and at last, overwrought and excited as she had been during that eventful day, her poor heart gave way, and she wept a plentiful flood of tears on my bosom.

“Never had Miss Jones looked so beautiful and attractive as when she descended with me to the drawing room. Her feelings and sentiments had taken a more natural turn; and freed from the *brusquerie*, in a great measure assumed, which had previously characterized her, she became reserved and even timid in her demeanour. Was it that she was no longer her own mistress, and that she who once ruled it so despotically over others, had now to submit to

a still more unsparing rule? However that might be, she curtsied half in jest, half in earnest, as she entered the apartment, and with winning grace undulated to her seat.

‘How now,’ said the old knight, ‘what fresh freak art bent on my daughter; some new whim I’ll warrant me?’ ‘Now dear papa don’t say those foolish things—what will Miss Hastings, what will Captain Wriothesley think of you?’ ‘Captain Wriothesley,’ said the old gentleman, ‘Captain Wriothesley; I thought t’other was the favourite.’ ‘Now papa, you will kill me if you go on so.’ ‘Nay now, kill thee Nemmy; it is not so easy to kill a young girl, at least such as thou who hast more blood and spirit than a well-bred Arabian.’

“We proceeded to dinner. Emily would fain have pushed me over to Wriothesley; but I took the old knight’s proffered arm, and left the blushing girl to lean on that of her lover. If ever man were enchanted—yes, enchanted, it was he. Ah, traitor, you never manifested

half such transport in gaining possession of my poor heart, as was shewn by this happy youth. He said little—but I suppose he felt the more. He rarely took his eyes off Emily; she must have been disconcerted by his earnest gaze, & it did not however, seem to displease her. But a day earlier, the like would certainly have made her wild with anger.

“When the old knight challenged Wriothesley to take wine, he replied, ‘with pleasure Madam;’ and when he drank to me, it was, ‘your health Sir.’ Whereat the old knight would burst into some exclamation at the folly and degeneracy of the youths of modern times. As for Emily herself, Wriothesley never asked her to take wine at all; nor did she whisper any comment on the omission; and although so silent at dinner, shouts of boisterous merriment followed in no long time, by roars, laughter, glees, and songs, ensued after our retirement from the dining-room. At length, when summoned to coffee, it was clear that both gentle-

men had made very deep inroads into the contents of the cellar. Miss Jones's papa was hickupping a little, and between whiles essaying some hunting ditty, in which the words, 'old Towler,' could be occasionally distinguished. At the same time he clapped Wriothsley on the back, and told him he was the finest young fellow in Cambridgeshire. It was very clear how affairs must end. Ah, Charles three whole days have past, and not one word for your own Julia."

VIII.

"Miss Jones's feelings, sentiments, and ways of thinking, have undergone an entire change. Any contempt which she may have been disposed to evince towards the opposite sex, has wholly subsided. Mr. Wriothsley has become a nice young fellow—a very nice young fellow indeed. 'Now, Julia don't you think so,' is the appeal made once or oftener during the day. It is but too obvious how the poor

girl is circumstanced. As for the 'young fellow' himself, he has grown saucy upon it. He sees clearly enough—too clearly, indeed, that he is no longer the unimportant personage he once was. It is really amusing to witness how jauntily he carries himself, cocks his hat, or adjusts his sash ere the promenade or ride during which he daily, or almost daily, vouchsafes to accompany us. He is not indeed, domiciliated in the house, but next thing to it. He arrives at an early hour, dines, sups, and returns homeward. If he delay his daily visit, were it but a quarter of an hour, Emily becomes quite uneasy, wonders what can have detained him, and trips twenty times to the window to see if he be a coming. Once he did not come at all, his horse—the very same that ran away with Miss Jones, and which he has taken a strange fancy to ride—having lost a shoe, and obliged him to lead the animal back by hand, so as to render it too

late to set out afresh. On this occasion, you'll scarce believe it, she actually wept, and ate nothing the whole day.

‘Really,’ I say to her, ‘it is too bad to see a girl who has so long made scorn and mockery of all mankind, become so completely their obedient humble servant, in the person of one Captain Wriothesley.’ She retorts by saying that I am too provoking, or by slapping my arm, and thereupon looks into the glass to ascertain the adjustment of a shawl or a scarf which Wriothesley has praised, and which forsooth, she must wear again. Sometimes, a little of her ancient spirit flares up, but it is a flash in the socket; for forthwith Wriothesley, her Wriothesley, as she affects to call him, immediately takes umbrage, whereupon she takes alarm, and then, there are such entreaties, supplications, and deprecatory remarks, till, at length, my gentleman deigns to become appeased, whereupon, there are makings-up and reconciliations, all about nothing, and without

the least regard for my presence, so that I am scandalized, and often have to leave the apartment.

“One day lately, she came into my room,—whither I had retired to read over, I suppose for the hundredth time, some dear letters which I get from somebody, all in a flutter and quite agitated,—and without word or preface threw her arms round my neck, and began to weep and sob as if her dear little heart would break. I thought something dreadful must have happened, and tried to brace myself up accordingly; but on looking at her, I saw that her hair and bosom were arranged with singular care, and for all her tears, that she did not seem a bit sorry.

‘Dearest Emily’ I said, ‘what is the matter with you; has papa been doing anything; has Wriothsley been cross?’ ‘Ah, no, my darling Julia, but that wicked fellow has actually been proposing for me; and papa swears I shall marry him and soon too; very good for me;

is sure he will one day be a lord, and that he is the nicest and handsomest young fellow in all England !' I ventured to observe that since it was her own wish and her father's wish, I did not see what great ground she had for complaint. 'I do not deny' she responded ; 'the justice of papa's praises ; but what drives me mad, is that these self-satisfied men should carry matters with so high a hand, and take it all along for granted that what their mightinesses resolve upon, poor we must submit to without grumbling.' I forthwith tried to comfort the dear girl ; and then, she proceeded to speak of what dress she would be married in ; and how she would look, and how poor Wriothsley would look, and where they would go, and what they should do. In fact, the good old gentleman has latterly been indisposed—threatenings of apoplexy, the medical men hint, and speaks of the necessity of winding up his affairs, and procuring a son and a protector for his daughter. He cannot bear Wriothsley

out of his sight, so that it were hard to say which, the father or the daughter, loves him best. Seriously speaking, he is worthy of their preference; and, a certain young gentleman excepted, there cannot be a more candid, manly, or upright youth. His conduct on the day of the runaway; and his struggle for life and death with the masterless horse, on the brink of the precipice, have decided for ever, as well they may, the question of his footing with the family of the Jones."

IX.

"I have a world of things, dearest Charles, to say to you. I wished to return to my poor mother, whose declining health and strength render my presence the more desirable. Emily, however, will not hear of my departure; she says that I am necessary—indispensable to her, and that she will have no other bridesmaid. I have written to mamma for further permission to stay. As for Wriothesley, he affirms that

he will have no bridesman but you ; so that these matters, I may hope, unless insuperable obstacles interpose, are definitively settled. A day even, has been named for the ceremony. Emily reiterates that she cannot live without me ; but I know very well that once she bears the name of Wriothesley, she will no longer find me indispensable. And this is right and natural ; for when I am wholly thine Charles, and you have sworn me your plighted faith, whose society on the wide earth shall I care for in comparison ? I should once have blushed to acknowledge this even to myself ; but dearest Charles, am I not thine own Julia, and shall I hesitate to avow the first and dearest impulse of my heart ? Dost believe with some, my Charles, that anticipation is sweeter than the reality — that our fondest hopes and wishes ever fail in the fruition ? Ah, believe it not ! Those who are true to themselves—to each other ; who fail never in love's observances, will likewise not fail to secure that happiness—

that foretaste of heaven on earth which only can be realized at the shrine of our best and purest affections.

“I am daily consulted by Emily on the choice of the silks, satins, pearls, and robes which she is to wear; and she is likewise good enough to think what will be most becoming in a brides-maid. For my part however, I shall wear nothing but that simple robe of white muslin, in which I once heard my Charles say, he liked above all things, to see young girls appear. This, with my own hair, and perhaps, a string of pearls which I owe to the friendship of Miss Jones, and a diamond aigrette, the gift of a gentleman you know, are all the adornments of which I propose to boast. I hear great disquisitions on Mr. Wriothsesley’s intended attire, but this is a subject on which I shall not pretend to descant. For my own part Charles, I think youth and beauty require few adventitious additions; if grace, and cheerfulness, and unaffected modesty do not suffice,

neither will the precious brocades nor priceless gems of the east and west.

“The day never passes my Charles, in which I do not think of you. Morning and evening I take out your letters and con them over; for although I know the words by heart, it is still a pleasure to see the lines that were traced by your dear hand, and the paper on which you inscribed them. In some places, you tell me, there are kisses for me; and I do not fail to take possession of them, and to kiss the honied depositories a hundred fold in return.

“Do you remember one evening late, when we walked around our little garden; the stars were sparkling with all their liquid radiance in the vault of heaven; the moon was as if suspended in the lofty ether; the winds were hushed to rest, and naught was heard save the fitful gushing of the distant stream so perfectly inaudible by day. Suddenly, a vivid meteor rushed towards us as from out the very zenith; and when it had reached mid heaven, burst into

a thousand brilliant fragments, and was seen no more. How like, you said, to many a mortal destiny, bright, glowing, rushing onward, till the very impetus of its progress has proved the source of its premature dissolution and decay. Sometimes, my Charles, the excess of happiness makes me dread a wayward close. Ah, bear with me, loved one, and believe that I have no misgivings of the future as regards myself; all my disquietude is for you alone.

X.

“So, poor Emily is married and off. How strange; Emily Jones no more, but now and for ever she wears the name of Wriothsesley—Emily Wriothsesley! I dare say, too, she thinks it prettier than her own name, that by which she was known from infancy. How odd she will find the signature. ‘Your dear friend Emily Wriothsesley.’ I have already received a note thus attested; the Emily is well enough, but the Wriothsesley seems awkward, tremulous;

perhaps it is only fancy. Young girls I dare say, sometimes try how an alteration would look, thus Julia—ah, truant, but I won't do it, though I might think one other name just as good as Hastings. Well, it is very odd too, parting with a name—your poor name that, in good repute and ill, has served you so long—that has borne you into many a scrape and out of it again, and that you are to wear never more till death. Yet, women change their names, and change them again; perhaps it is right: but if ever I come to wear the dear name of Thornley—were I, oh God, to lose thee, all the powers of earth should never induce me to forswear it.

* * * * *

“And so you came and were groomsman to that happy youth. And how gay he looked with his sunny face, and his fair young bride! I felt agitated for a time, but your dear smile reassured me; and I experienced a strange

choking sensation when, the ceremony being concluded, the officiating clergyman, whether in jest or earnest, affected to think we were to come next, and would, I believe, have gone on with the customary forms. And that wicked girl—how could she—actually laughed at my embarrassment; and then, you drew my arm in yours, and comforted me; and said things which made me blush to hear, and which would make my cheeks tingle were I to repeat them. Then—ah, sadness, you went away, and I saw you no more!

“I am now with my dear mother, and the contrast of my present quiet abode with the bustle and the splendour that I have so lately been a participator in, is very strange. Poor mamma was so solitary; indeed, I was averse to leave her; and, could I have anticipated so long an absence, would never have ventured on it. Here everything reminds me of you; the chair in which you sat—the table at which you wrote or read, and where I have so often given

you a little surprise. I have this moment before me several bouquets of faded yet not perfumeless flowers—flowers which, at different times, you collected for me, and with which, I could never bear to part. Promise me you won't laugh, and I shall tell you something; That coronal which you once placed on my head, and which I never shewed you, is stored with the rest. The airs and songs too, which you loved to hear, I still sometimes rehearse on my guitar: if I knew any others, I have forgotten them. The landscapes which you praised, I endeavour to amend; with the authors of which you approved, I have become still more familiar. What, my Charles, would I not do for you—what, that would serve to justify the preference which you feel, and have often so tenderly expressed?

“A secret disquietude haunts me; my Charles will allow me to reveal it to him. Sometimes my mother's former restlessness assails her anew; and this, combined with her

impaired health, makes me very unhappy. You know, Charles, I could not leave her even to go to you. A thousand acknowledgements for your uncle's generous proposal ; but as my own happiness draws near, obstacles, previously hidden or unseen, multiply. Now, my poor mother would have this ; now, that : she is unstable in her resolutions, but equally bent on their accomplishment while they last. Some unaccountable prepossession seems to affect her. She appears averse to Thornley Hall, and, sometimes, O my Charles, even to you. Where it will all end, Heaven only knows."

XI.

"'Tis as I had anticipated, yet feared to anticipate. My mother has suddenly come to the determination of disposing of this sweet place, and going to reside on the continent. Her health, she affirms, will be benefited by the change, and the arrangement better suited to our slender, though still sufficiently ample finances.

I have found myself, dear Charles, in the position of your advocate—a position from which my maiden delicacy, must, under other circumstances, have recoiled. I asked mamma if she did not sanction your suit, and if she had not approved of your addresses? Were not your intentions, I said, obvious and honourable as the day? Had she discovered any objection, any drawback in your position, character, or connexions? Mr. Thornley would consider himself ill treated: he had pressed me to name a day, and now we were to proceed to the continent, without any settled prospect of return. Did mamma consult her daughter's happiness—had she no regard for her hopes, fears, wishes, and expectations?

“To all my expostulations, and more than these, Thornley, dare I venture to repeat them, no reply or nothing satisfactory was given. ‘My welfare,’ my mother said, ‘was in her hands, who would consult it as a mother? When she was young,’ she said, ‘she had never been

spoken to on the disposition of her person and affections. She did not pretend to follow the same course with me, but she thought she should at least have a voice. If I were not satisfied, she could not help it: come what might, she would not be diverted from her purpose !'

"So you see my Charles, that I am again to leave you—again, it would seem, and more hopelessly than ever, to part from you. When I was a girl, a child—I am not very old yet, the passion which enthrals me did not fill my heart. I loved you, but I loved you as a child, a pure-minded, innocent, unwitting child; but now, I am a woman, and love you as a woman—as one who can appreciate, and reverence, and return, Charles, the passion with which you yourself do burn. Ah, Charles, I cannot leave my mother—my poor, fond, weak, yet still loving mother! Perhaps the day may come, but ah me, it may never come, when I shall be thine, and thou mine, without any one to sever us or

to interfere with that sacred relation which no human hand may interrupt.

* * * * *

“ I refrained from sending this letter, my beloved, till I should be able to communicate something more definite. Our retirement has been disposed of ; and we are merely remaining till the few arrangements necessary, can be completed ere our departure. Emily Wriothesley, returned from her short marriage excursion, has besought, in the most moving terms, that I should visit her, accompanied by my mother ; but mamma is deaf to every entreaty. She will repair to the continent and no other where. To-morrow every thing will be settled, and I expect we shall set out. Alas, despair would seize upon me, did I not think of that good day, when no one will try to snatch me from you. Now, those lessons of resolution and fortitude which I derived from your instructions

and the books which you urged me to peruse, come to my aid. I cannot forbear sorrow—I cannot wholly cease to repine ; but my grief is not without its balm : I know that I must perform my duty to the great Author of my being, and to that humbler parent who claims my next attention and submission.

* * * * *

“This concluding paragraph, dearest Charles, is written on the eve of our embarkation, amid the bustle and confusion of a sea-port inn. It was well you could not come to me. My mother’s measures were so abrupt, her transitions so rapid, that you would but have arrived amid empty walls. I could not have given you any certain address. I know not whether my poor mother wished to baffle my presumed intentions ; but the precipitancy of her movements had precisely this effect. Your presence, my Thornley, would scarcely have made her swerve;

and it would but have wrung my heart to part from you in circumstances like these. Ah, comfort your poor heart ; let the grief and sympathy which you must feel for me, be stayed by the reflection that we shall meet again. Yes, Thornley, neither oceans—nor seas—nor torrents—nor mighty rivers—nor lofty mountains—nor ice—nor snow—nor deserts—nor wide-spread continents, shall long separate me from you. First, my duty to my mother, then to you—Oh, my Charles. My life-blood shall ebb away, and my soul quit its tenement, ere I forget that you are my own sworn Thornley, the chosen one of my young heart. Ah, Charles, you it was who taught me first to love, and, indifferent to all besides, to look upon you with an affection that nothing can impair. Can I ever forget those first soft emotions, the flutterings, the heavings, the unimaginable thrills of passionate delight with which you alone of all men first inspired me. I can yield you no intimation, dearest, of our eventual destination :

this my mother, if indeed she know it herself, conceals in moody silence. But I can go no where without finding means to communicate with you—means to express my ardent, my unalterable affection. Farewell—Ah, farewell.”

CHAPTER XIV.

PERPLEXITIES.

“Das Leben ist ein Gänsepiel :
Je mehr man forwärts gehet,
Je früher kommt man an das Ziel,
Wo niemand gerne stehet.”

THE foregoing was my correspondence with this admirable young woman. Her duty to her fond, but weak and erring mother, nothing could induce her to forego; and however, I might in my inmost soul, have wished, I never ventured to urge her to stay her departure.

Of what avail would it have been to either of us, had she abandoned her parent, whose situation, wandering and desolate, would have been a source of unceasing anxiety? A desire, apparently irresistible, to stray from her adopted hearth, had again seized on Mrs. Hastings; and however happily she might be circumstanced, from the moment her resolution was taken, the means of accomplishing it were forthwith inquired into. To this desire, probably owing to the hard usage of her mother, and subsequent unhappy marriage, might, in a great measure, be referred her abrupt transitions from place to place, and the now extraordinary procedure of leaving the country altogether. I cannot say, however, singular as it may seem, that I experienced the same uneasiness which this step would at one time, have occasioned me. I had the greatest reliance on Julia's firmness and decision. Her intellectual powers had undergone considerable development from the date of our last

intercourse, not only as regarded new springs of action, but in the proper direction of those which already influenced her. These, she had determined to fortify by a rigid course of self-discipline. "I shall not abandon, my Thornley," she said, in one of her subsequent letters, "the course of study which you were so good as to point out to me, or neglect any of the advantages which accident may place in my way." I felt assured whatever pressing exigencies might await her, that she would rise superior to them all; and that while a sacrifice was exacted of her and submitted to in relation to her mother, there were also duties as regarded herself, of which nothing should frustrate the performance. There were, however, other grounds for disquietude. It was hard to say into what predicaments her mother's growing weakness and obstinacy might serve to plunge her. There were difficulties from which, with all Julia's determination and sagacity, she might find it difficult to extricate herself. Among

these were sickness, isolation, and want of means.

I knew that Mrs. Hastings was sufficiently provided for ; sufficiently at least, as regarded her real wants and moderate expenditure. I had received satisfactory assurances on this head from Julia so often as I adverted to the subject. The idea of an addition to her mother's funds, she wholly rejected ; but still, these might be exhausted. Mrs. Hastings, I feared, had made no provision for a periodic supply ; and Julia's inexperience, indeed I may add my own, had suggested no distinct precaution. Then, as now, gold formed an ample medium of exchange ; but money orders, bank credits, and the like, were managed with much less facility. It was unlikely they had taken a large sum with them ; and when that was gone, as in time it must, what were they to do ? I regretted, as one will regret, that I had not forced a sufficient sum on Miss Hastings' acceptance. They could know little of the

amount of expenditure which they were about to incur, and in virtue of their sex, would unhappily be liable to extortion and imposition.

“Miss Hastings’ appearance and manner, from what thou hast described,” observed my uncle—here I felt my face glow, “must almost necessarily attract more or less attention in the places which she may have occasion to visit. These will probably be the leading towns in France and Italy. It will be sufficiently easy to arrange a credit with the bankers of Paris, Lyons, Geneva, Milan, Turin, Florence, Rome, and Naples. Miss Hastings can be apprized of the fact; and should you lose her address, these parties might even be made the means of regaining it. The English generally frequent the petty courts of the Italian states, and the circumstance of her being there would readily become known.”

These remarks opened a new, and, as might be supposed, obvious source of solicitude.

Julia's exterior and accomplishments — my Julia must indeed, arrest attention, and to what solicitations, persecutions, and annoyances might they not lead! Fool that I was, I bitterly reproached myself, ever to part from her, or to abandon her to the caprices of a half-crazed wandering woman. I would that instant have set out in search of her, but for the calm remonstrances of my uncle.

“Depend on it, my child, thy conduct would be viewed with surprise and alarm. It would even appear very different on cool retrospection from what it now does. Two ladies, accompanied by their servant, and making short stays at the principal towns of a civilized country, must be deemed perfectly competent to take care of themselves, and to steer their course in safety. Should sickness, accident, or, in fine, any available excuse offer, I should be the first to advise you to rejoin thy betrothed, as the man of all others, called on

to prove her stay and comfort. I only offer these remarks in the way of suggestion; thou art free to act as thy inclination prompts."

My kind good uncle only spoke as he felt. He was the most indulgent of men; and I knew I had only to bespeak his consent to any project that I might devise. I could indeed, have flown to meet my Julia, but there were further obstacles which shall be described in their due course, which sufficed to deter me. They must have been powerful to counteract so strong an impulse; and in truth, they were so.

I received letters from my Julia, dated Havre-de-Grace, Abbeville, Paris, Tours, Bourdeaux, Lyons, such was her mother's devious and eccentric course. They expressed pure, deep, devoted affection, mingled with concise, yet most judicious comments on the works of art, or the different natural objects worthy of note, which came under her observation. This cruel drawback, however, attended them, that I could

never infer Julia's actual address. A letter might be written at Toulouse, Montpellier, or the Islands of Hyeres, but for all that, the writer at the date of my receiving them, would perhaps be in Strasburgh or Turin—in short I knew not where. "I write hence to day," she would say, "but my destination to morrow is what I never know. I may suggest a given route, but my poor mother perchance, takes a directly opposite one. Occasionally, she will adopt the hint which I have thrown out, but always with some strange modification. Sometimes our places will be booked in a diligence ; at others a voiture will be hired, when all at once, she will countermand her orders or proceed in a different direction. It is this, dearest Thornley, that prevents me from naming any particular locality as the spot to which you might direct a letter with the probability of its being received. Much as I desire to feast my eyes on the dear effusions of your pen, I cannot bear the thoughts of their being lost, or seen

by any eyes save mine. Yet, ah, my Charles, write to me; write as if in reply to each of mine. Some day these letters will be placed in my eager hands, to smile over, to weep over, and to clasp to my heart!"

This injunction I religiously fulfilled. A letter never arrived, to which I did not sit down and reply. Often indeed, I seized my pen, and consecrated it to pouring out the boiling emotions and maddening thoughts induced by our inevitable separation. Separation—ah, that is the word. Who shall tell—what pen transcribe, what eloquence depict the tortures of isolation from those we love? To gaze no longer at the countenance which, while it beams affection of its own, faithfully mirrors ours! To inhale no more the fragrant breath—hear the soft expirings—or feel the bosom that pants, and the heart that only beats for you. To lament, to sigh vainly after that which, nor tears, nor groans, nor exclamations can recal. The arms long wistfully, the eyes gaze into the distance

—the ear listens, and the attention fixes itself, but still there is no response. The loved one cannot answer thee, for she is not there—nor speak to thee, for long miles render her soft accents inaudible—nor look at thee, for thick clouds intervene through which her tender glances cannot pierce—nor kiss thee, for her lips alas, are far away. To help—to interpose,—to save—to caress—to comfort—to converse, equally, alas, unable!

I often heard from Mr. Aitkins. That good man had been made acquainted through Miss Netterville, with Mrs. Hastings' departure; and being well aware of the relation in which I stood to her daughter, could not but sympathize with me in what he trusted would prove a temporary bereavement. Julia occasionally corresponded with Miss Netterville at the request of the latter; but this lady, owing to Mrs. Hastings' erratic movements, was unable, any more than myself, to reply. She even addressed a few lines to myself on the subject, as she

opined, although erroneously, that I surely had some means of maintaining a reciprocal intercourse; and was both surprised and disconcerted to learn that I had not. From Wriothesley I had frequent intelligence. His letters breathed all the satisfaction of an ardent mind, revelling in the full fruition of all its hopes and aspirations. I could not, however, avoid contrasting his situation with my own, and perhaps repining somewhat that he had so early and so easily, achieved a consummation, which, as regarded myself, seemed placed at an almost immeasurable distance.

Mr. Aitkins earnestly inquired when we should resume our college duties, and intreated us for our own sakes and for his, not to procrastinate their performance. Much however, as I relished his society, and however important the course of study which he pointed out, events had ensued, which, while they did not in the least, diminish my love for science and literature, rendered the formal pursuits which a

college life enjoins, as well as college life itself, no longer desirable. So far as regarded intercourse with the men whom I might hope to meet with, I could expect to derive little further advantage. Things too, had occurred at college, which I should not wish to see again reenacted. My mind had taken a different turn; and looked forward to a line of life, which, however uncertain of fulfilment, was wholly incompatible with college avocations. Science and literature were very well in their way; but I desired to pursue them as a man, and unattended with the obsolete routine and puerile accompaniments involved in college discipline, and close communing with individuals, who although termed men by courtesy, were too often little more than boys in essence, pursuits, and acquirements.

There was another obstacle, however, which, had none else subsisted, must have proved wholly insuperable—I mean Perkins' growing indisposition. His attainments indeed, were

far beyond a college course to prescribe ; but his health was such, as wholly to disqualify him for going through the routine. I would not abandon him, and without him to Cambridge I should never repair. It was clear enough to those who looked upon him, that the term of Perkins' life was fast wearing to its close—that the tide of his existence was ebbing from the strand! The unquailing eye still looked brightly forth ; the clear sweet manly voice was never querulous ; but the pale sunk cheek, the blanched skin drawn tightly across the brows, the vivid, almost lightning, glances, and the spent frame, betokened some internal fountain of disease, that sooner or later, must work the destruction of him who bore it about with him. Occasionally, there was a slight, but hollow cough of no great apparent moment ; a sign of worse import however, was the fact of the ordinarily pallid features becoming lit up at night, with a hot and fiery glow, which only

subsided towards the morning, in langour and exhaustion.

I never had a brother, but I found one in this fervent youth; and he, too, loved me as one. Alas, there are many brothers who fail in being towards each other what I was to Perkins, and Perkins to me. So soft, so gentle, so fraternal, so winning, so devoted; no, his fellow I never saw, and never shall see, till the lights of eternity reveal afresh the lineaments that have been obscured by the curtain of the grave. I'll never forget thee Perkins; never, while my heart beats, or my eyes are sensible to the light of day. No, that hand relaxed not its friendly grasp till unstrung by the withering touch of death—till the power, which no mortal resists, had stayed its further demonstrations.

One evening towards the close of a day spent in a routine of petty pursuits, which, however unimportant in themselves, go to fill up the

measure of life. Perkins bent his dark and piercing, though sweet and gentle, orbs on me. "Thornley," he said, "if at leisure, I would speak with you alone in my own apartment." "Ever at leisure," I replied, "when the summons dear Perkins, is thine." "How kind you are, Thornley; but when were you ever otherwise?"

I accompanied him to the suite which he occupied—a closet, a sleeping chamber, and a sitting-room. It was situated high up in a part of the establishment less frequented than the rest. Here, at night Perkins' lamp might be seen to burn. Here he studied in books, or perchance meditated, walking up and down for hours; at other times, he spent a great portion of the night in contemplating the revolutions of the stars. His books, mathematical instruments, globes, orreries, matrasses, crucibles and other apparatus for the performance of chemical manipulations or experiments in natural philosophy, were ranged

round the room. The regularity which they evinced seemed but the reflexion of the mind that presided over them. The floor was of waxed oak, with a rug before the fire; a table, a cabinet, a sofa and arm chair, the last two covered with Russia leather, completed the furniture of the apartment.

“I do not like the intrusion of servants,” he said; “nor do they ever appear unless I call. My personal requirements are few; and so far as may be I attend to them myself.” I now learned with astonishment, that he seldom undressed, unless to change his clothes, or for purposes of personal ablution which he daily practised, and that he rarely went to bed.

“I sit up at nights, studying according to my wont, as you know; but when my eyelids droop and become heavy, and I feel no longer able to prosecute the current theme, I stretch myself for a few hours on that couch, where the intensity of my slumbers commonly makes up

for their brevity. Sometimes, I wake in their midst, and then rise, light my lamp, pace my chamber, or gaze on the ineffable stars — porches of heaven, portals of eternity! If any striking thought occur to me, I note it down. Perhaps I pursue these avocations till day-break, or, if again overcome, I rest me till the morn.”

I now glanced at his table; the tomes in actual use were there; some open, others placed in rows, with the well-arranged papers, and along with these, a portfolio of sketches. This lay open; and at the very surface was the graceful portraiture of a girl in the budding period of her youth and beauty. There was no mistaking the accurate resemblance which it bore to Ellen Fanshawe. At the upper portion of the cartoon was pinned a lock of hair—her hair, it could be no other’s.

“Ah,” said he, as his eyes followed mine, and glistened as they followed, “I see what you

are looking at. Dear Ellen, the imperfect likeness is her's; I am glad to perceive that you recognize it."

"I did not know," I rejoined, "that drawing was among your acquirements."

"It was she who inspired it," he gaily answered; "but, Thornley," and here he assumed a more serious tone, "I would intrust," and for the first and only time, his voice faltered a little, "a few matters to your care, may I ask it of you?"

"Ah, Perkins, can you doubt my fidelity—my wish?"

"It is enough," he responded; "forgive the inquiry, but I thought it your due. In this drawer," he resumed, opening his cabinet and displaying a small pile of gold, "is the accumulated produce of your uncle's munificence, together with some other little savings, about eight hundred guineas in all. This money I shall never require. Of my books," looking me wistfully in the face, "I intreat your acceptance :

the gold, I ask it of you as a friend, you will appropriate to Ellen Fanshawe's use when I am gone. It will help to create an humble provision for her—a dower should she ever; but, ah no," he added thoughtfully, "she will never marry mortal man. This is written in the great legend which the Spirit of time ever coils up in his ample grasp—she will never marry, but descend in her virgin purity to the tomb." Here, he knelt down before me, unconscious or heedless of my presence, and joining his clasped hands, extended them in the attitude of prayer. "Ah, God," he exclaimed, "behold your weak and erring child—look down even upon me, Heavenly Parent and Father, forget my weaknesses—forgive my infirmities! When thy holy will is perfected—when thy gracious providence is realized—when these poor limbs moulder in the soil whence thou hast evoked them, pour comfort and consolation into the soul of my Ellen—she who was to have been the young partner of my days. Shield her from injury,

spare her O'Gracious Ruler and Protector, from sin and soil. Mighty Parent—God, Director, Governor, I pray but for her—I only intreat thy beneficence in behalf of one so young, so pure, so innocent.' Here he clasped his hands with an earnestness that I thought would have wrung the life-drops from his nails. His countenance pale, earnest, concentrated, was directed upwards, as if it would crave permission to pierce the secrets of the grave. Now, he was silent—he had done; but though he spoke not aloud, his lips still moved. Anon, he bowed his head to the floor, and in this attitude of humility and devotion, remained for some minutes prostrate.

I was affected even to tears. It would be difficult to enumerate, much less analyze the feelings that swept through my heart. I was startled at the vividness with which the probable demise of Perkins was brought before me. Was I then to lose my friend, so faithful, so true? The very possibility had

wrung my soul with anguish. Yet, here, not only the possibility but the probability — and not only the probability but the certainty, were equally anticipated. Hope and fear seemed alike banished from Perkins' breast: he felt, he knew that he must die! I had often heard him descant on this great consummation to which nature subjects us all. It was ever his conviction that what the Deity enjoins, and nature realizes, was to be submitted to with patience, cheerfulness, and resignation. He had avowed this conviction a thousand times, and was now, I saw, prepared to act upon it. There could be no mistaking his sincerity. What Perkins said, he did; what he promised, he performed. He was no ways, however, above what some are pleased to style the weaknesses of humanity. He loved his friends, his mistress, and the sweet world around, dearly and well; but when nature gave the summons, he was willing to go. He felt—he acknowledged the bereavement, but his resolution was not the

less indomitable. It is one thing to profess, another to perform; still, Perkins only professed what he practised, and practised what he professed. He recognized the vastness of the stroke, and the mightiness of the infliction, but was not the less prepared to encounter both.

A slight rustling interrupted the course of my reflections: it was Perkins rising from the floor. Word I had not uttered, movement I had not made; the manifestation was of too solemn a character to justify the slightest interruption; but now that the effort was over, I seated myself by his side.

"Ah, Perkins, companion, friend I said, looking him full in the face, 'you do not mean what you say—you do not surely think'"—here the tears fell fast: affected beyond control, I was utterly unable to conclude the sentence.

"Kindest of friends," he replied; his pale but resolute countenance—calm, compared with mine, displaying the sweetest and most com-

passionating smile, "I know what you would say; but Thornley, I must indeed, die. Ere ever the fervid sun was fixed, or the tender moon began to roll—when the sea was not—when water did not flow, and when plants were not green, then and there it was ruled that Perkins should die. To die—O, mighty, incommunicable word—O, death, thing of vast import, meaningful! I am not afraid to die, for I know that my Father is merciful—I feel that he will take charge of my soul—I know that he will have a care of me."

"I would not for a space, if I could, leave Ellen—leave you. My soul, indeed, is wedded to this dear girl; and it wrings me to part: but otherwise, may not be. I did not, mould my frame at birth; I did not, I could not determine my countenance or my stature. I could not precalculate or avert the course of sun and air—the varying influences of my natal clime—nor could I stay the fell disease, which even now, is gnawing at my vitals, and ere long will

conduct me to the tomb ! I am assured that you will do what I ask of you—that you will protect Ellen and her mother, and that you will be to them everything that I could wish when I am no more. Of no other could I ask this favour ; of no other could I exact its performance ; to no other would I prefer the request.”

I assured him in the most solemn terms, that language affords, that, so far as in me lay, I should realize his desire. Even had he never required it of me, I should esteem the performance of every imaginable act of kindness to him and his, among the most bounden, the most sacred of duties.

“ Once more,” he replied ; “ It is enough”—and here he kissed my cheek. “ I knew, that in you, poor Ellen would never want a friend—if indeed, she should ever want one.” I did not understand these words at the time, but the course of events brought out their hidden

meaning, and yielded illustration of the sure and steady prescience of the speaker.

“You might reasonably suppose,” he continued, “that my incessant lucubrations should have furnished more striking results ; but my labours, my toils, my strivings, were enacted to serve my inward wants, and not for purposes of ostentation and display. Since I could reflect or reason, Thornley, I made it a rule to have some problem ever before me—something appertaining to man’s hidden nature, his progress here, and condition hereafter. The concerns of life—of death—of immortality, were the subjects of my musings, of my strivings, of my labours. When I had set myself a task, I followed it up with all the zeal and determination of which I was capable. Knowledge ready confected and prepared, I felt was not at hand ; the conflicting conclusions and determinations of others precluded that. Like the honey of the bee, I perceived that it must be

elaborated from a thousand flowers—that in a word, I must seek it for myself: I did so.”

“No anchorite in secret cell, no alchemist over his reeking furnace, ever more earnestly sought—the one the means of reconciliation with God, the other the production of precious gold or that fabled elixir which was to prolong our days, than I did to unravel the enigma of life—to elucidate and reconcile those wondrous questions which, by turns, have exercised the intellect or baffled the ingenuity of the wise and thoughtful of all ages. I repaired with no reckless spirit to the task: the soil was watered with my tears as prostrate I besought the Ruler of Time to aid my inquiries and strengthen my purposes. I undertook problem after problem, subject after subject; and pursued them through all their devious intricacies—through all their subtle windings and circumvolutions. If one author promised more than another, I sought that author; no matter how

obscure or unused the dialect, provided a prospect of information were held out. Hence, incessant and consuming labour. I was never addicted to general reading, it was always for a purpose. I read, I wrote, I compared, and after all perhaps, spent nights and days in thoughtful meditation. The task, so far in me lay, accomplished, my notes and papers were destroyed, and I went on to another. Difficulties, at first insuperable, cleared up as I proceeded; and it often happened that questions, which, during one inquiry, I was unable satisfactorily to resolve, became clear and lucid during the course of another."

"This," he continued, "will account for the paucity of my manuscripts. The outward evidence of my progress has been cancelled; the framework and scaffolding have been knocked away, but the results — the corresponding changes in my heart and intellect, I trust re-

main. This, I suppose, is the case with every man who comes to feel deeply, or to think earnestly. I arrogate nothing; but so far as I have reflected on my humble advances, such or similar appears to have been the process. There are however, a number of papers yet remaining. These it is my wish to destroy. They are useless to others; and to me they only subsist as an evidence of past industry; as the indication of a resolution that has been taken—of a consummation that has been realized—of a task that has been performed. Perhaps, dear friend, you will aid me in this little labour?"

I confess it was not without some emotion, that I beheld Perkins proceed to obliterate the fruits of such unsparing efforts. Reams on reams of paper, covered with his clear legible hand-writing, were consigned to destruction; and as the remorseless element consumed them in succession, the lambent flames still rolled

and waved as if for more. Among the rest were two manuscripts separately tied up and neatly labelled. These, he was about to add to the burning fragments—all that remained of the rest—when I stayed his hand with the intreaty that they might be spared. They were rescued, indeed, but browned and scorched by the raving fire.

“Surely, dear Perkins,” said I, “these are not notes, but the result of separate care and toil?” “They are fragments,” said he, “which I wrote in the intervals of more serious occupations; defective monuments of still more imperfect conceptions. Take them, and if you will, look over them; after that you can destroy them, or if you prefer it, preserve them as trifling mementos of a friend.” I readily availed myself of his permission; and as our task was accomplished, I left him not without an earnest request, that he should take a little of the repose which the excitement and con-

sequent exhaustion which he had undergone conjoined with his previous weakness, rendered doubly necessary. The MSS. were severally entitled the "Chastened Spirit," and "Perkins' dream." I here produce them without further apology.

CHAPTER XV.

THE CHASTENED SPIRIT.

“Die Sonne tönt, nach alter Weise,
In Brudersphären sphären Wettgesang,
Und ihre vorgeschrieb'ne Reise
Vollendet sie mit Donnergang.
Ihr Anblick giebt den Engeln Stärke,
Wenn keiner sie ergründen mag.
Die unbegreiflich hohen Werke,
Sind herrlich wie am ersten Tag.”

“SINCE ever I can recollect, silken pinions
fell adown my shoulders; I moved to the sound
of music, and inhaled the ether of the heavens.
I was innocent—I was happy—I was free. But

time with unerring flight rolled on ; the clang of the circling spheres sounded throughout the universe ; the burning suns maintained their ceaseless whirl, and new thoughts, feelings and aspirations beset me. Ten thousand thousand years passed away, and still I was young— young as a spirit—young as regarded the infinite, inexhaustible lapse of eternity.

“ I knew the course of the planets ; I had tracked the comets into farthestmost thule ; and with tireless pinions, had accompanied their thither and hither flight. I pondered on the productions of the Almighty ; I knew the peoples, the races, and the languages of the nations of every sphere—countless as the atoms of life diffused through infinite space. I had essayed to reckon the innumerable stars of God ; I had dived into the depths of infinity—east, west, north, south—into the exalted zenith and profound nadir ; I had alike winged my flight.

“ I proceeded in each direction with a speed

whose quickness would mock vision to behold, till my immortal purpose flagged before the insuperable difficulties of the task. I fain would have spanned God's creation in its vastness—in its length—its breadth—its height—its depth; but however far I penetrated, I still found light, and life, and form, and intelligence. I thought to have reached the outermost range of being; to have compassed time, and space, and eternity; but I was mistaken. If the abysses of immensity presented any limit, it was not for me to reach their boundaries, though I had sped with speed beyond the speed of light, and proceeded with unfaltering purpose, till convinced at last of its impracticability. I would set limits forsooth, to the universe—adapt it to my slender, yet, ambitious conceptions, and say, this is the length, and breadth, and the height, and the depth thereof. But it might not be; the prodigious whole was beyond my feeble grasp. Was there even any limit, I asked myself in half-frightened accents—or was

there any among the angels of God, however high and exalted, who had fathomed — who could fathom it? My own experience had declared it impossible; and what I had found so, I ventured to think no spirit, save one—the High, the Ineffable, could comprehend.

“Foiled in one attempt, I was prepared to try another. If the boundaries of these mighty regions be inaccessible even with a spirit’s purpose and power, may I not succeed in other directions? Might I not plumb the nature of the thinking principle,—the manner of its evolution and being — might I not reckon the elements and their combinations—might I not trace out and unravel the intricacies of life, the habits, the powers, and the springs of action of the different creations of the animated world?

“I set myself to work; I laboured with unwavering toil, to develop the conditions of thought, the nature and essence of the thinking principle. With time and patience I succeeded in ascertaining the character, and to a great ex-

tent, the number of the intellectual powers. I clearly discerned that the thinking principle perceived, recollected, and combined; I saw that it was capable of feelings and emotions as well as of thought; but I was also forced to acknowledge that I was unaware of its essence—by what means it came into being, and through what instrumentality its different processes were conducted.

“In like manner, I ranged through all the elements of organic existence—I separated and combined them at will; but it was always in subordination to certain laws, the origin of which, beyond the mighty power which controlled them, I could not determine, and the course of which I could in no wise alter. Glittering in naked perfection, they were beautiful—their splendid combinations beyond all praise; but when I had looked at and examined them amid all their multifarious diversity, I grew sated, weary, and hastened to another task.

“What was life? Here I thought I should

abide till something definite was evolved. Its processes, it seemed clear, were different from those of the inorganic world. Motion, the prehension and conversion of aliment, sleep, rest, and a multitude of other phenomena, engaged my attention by turns. They were different from, however united with, thought, volition, feeling. I ranged over every variety of animated being, from the merest zoophytes, to lofty man. Insects, reptiles, quadrupeds, the inhabitants of sea, air, and land, with plants even, alike engaged my attention, and not merely as they presented themselves in one planet, but in all. The variety, indeed, was almost endless; life, thought, animation, were combined with every imaginable diversity of brute matter, and under every conceivable form. Some were qualified to endure fervid heat; others extreme cold; some to inhabit one medium, some another; others again, to crawl, to creep, to slide, to walk, to fly to run. I could not determine the source of life: found it difficult

even with my utmost sagacity and penetration, to draw a strict line of separation between plants and animals, between the results of mere organization, the multifarious products of life, and those arising from the dictates of thought. The creator multiplied one form of existence as readily as another. The complexity, perfection, or symmetry of the parts, constituted no apparent difficulty in the case of the most elevated of organized beings, any more than did the simplicity and fewness of parts, in the most simple, yield facilities. It appeared quite as easy to the Deity to create a man as a fly ; and what was still more surprising, the minutest creature—the merest monad that my immortal perceptions gave me insight into, possessed or seemed to possess, a centre of consciousness as distinct, as although less perfect and diversified, than the complicated creature just named.

“ Into the manner in which all these wonders were realized, and the modes of their performance, I had no clear insight. I might con-
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ture—I might investigate, but the enigma was never the less. Either the Almighty had kept it to himself, or otherwise had entrusted it to agencies of whom I was not one, all too reserved to promulgate the secret. Thus, whether I penetrated to the right or to the left, went forward or backwards, upwards or downwards, was I still confronted with traces of a power to which infinity itself placed no apparent boundary. In the same way when I had desisted from the bootless effort, did I strive to penetrate into the essence of things—to solve the hidden mysteries of thought and feeling, of elemental combinations and of life. Here I was equally foiled: I could, indeed, proceed a certain length, but further I was unable to go. Everywhere insurpassable obstacles raised their adamantine fronts, alike proclaiming that I was not the warder of their secrets—that I was free to pause, but not to advance beyond: the veil that covered their recesses I was not privileged to lift.

“Thus brooding over my discomfiture, I grew moody and uneasy. Why was I restricted more than were others? Why limited when my powers and energies seemed alike fitted to penetrate into the hidden mysteries of things? But this was not the only boundary of my presumption; I had ventured, in my arrogance, to inquire into the essence of the Divinity, into his duration, his being, his power. Here, however, I could advance no further than elsewhere. I was met indeed, by the effulgence of his majesty, his goodness, his wisdom, and his loving pity towards all created beings; but as to the objects of my search, was left precisely where I began. I chafed, I spurned the obstacles which withheld me, but this, in no wise, furthered my progress. I scorned the society of my kindred spirits, and returned an unvarying nay to all their affectionate remonstrances. I hid myself in whole revolutions of the sun, in masses of mountain ice, in the abysses of earth or sea, or per-

chance, in the store-houses of many-coloured light.

“ I now did what I should have done before ; I besought the advice and instruction of creatures more exalted than myself. ‘ Dost thou,’ I severally adjured them, ‘ know the secrets of which I have been vainly in quest—I who would solve the problems of universal being ?’ Of these, some busied in their varied avocations, returned no answer ; others vouchsafed a pitying glance—no more ; others again, arresting their impetuous course, thus addressed me. ‘ Creation of yesterday—being of a day !—what claim hast thou to a progress beyond thy race or degree ? We, whose duration compared to which thine is but a point beside infinity, could not resolve the difficulties which thou wouldst unloose. Spirits still higher, more exalted, more pure, may perchance unravel them ; but they are they whom we, much less thou, are not privileged to address ! The dwellers in twice ten hundred thousand miles of space await our coming

for light and air: we may not pause, farewell.'

"I had thus to learn that there were spirits, ministries, powers, of higher grades than I had imagined, the results of whose efforts I could witness, although the beings who made them were unseen. My desire was now to accost them, to intreat them, to ask them, what—to render me wise as themselves! Where—how—when should I effect my purpose?

"There were piles of green and golden light, sapphire, crimson, ruby—mighty, voluminous, wherein such spirits were said to have their home. Towards these I ventured: I penetrated their recesses unasked. I saw sights therein, which may not be described; and heard sounds, harmonies, melodies—spirits solacing sister spirits, which could not be rendered again. A vain desire came upon me to inhabit these dwellings—to be as one with their mighty inmates. Still, I ranged on and on, as if there were no limits to their scope, no end to their wonders. I would have retreated,

but I was lost in mazes which I was unable to retrace. At length, a face, a figure dawned on my perceptions — majestic, severe, serene. ‘What wouldst thou intruder—this is not thy home?’ I prostrated myself before him. ‘I have come unbidden,’ I said, ‘for I was told that thou and thine could do it, to be instructed in the mysteries of existence—of time—of space; to learn the nature and constitution of thought and feeling—of matter—of life! I would know whence I come, and whither I am bound; the origin and extent of my powers, their possible range and limits—in word, what I can do, and from what I must refrain.’

“The figure seemed to expand till the abode was filled with its lofty presence. ‘Spirit, vain, presumptuous,’ it at length accosted me, in accents so stern, so solemn, so slow, that they would have appalled one less firmly bent on his purpose—‘know that high as I stand in the hierarchy of God, thou hast asked questions which I am not fitted to resolve.

Some indeed, I might unravel, but not to such as thou—some there are to which those more elevated than I am might answer—and there are some to which none but the great Creator and Preserver of us all could reply. Whence thy frantic ambition? Dost think thou canst antedate thy progress and thy birth? No, were thy being from before the origin of the oldest of these revolving worlds, thou wouldst still be unable to arrive at the knowledge, or even the conception, of that which thou dost seek. Thou wist not what thou dost ask—wouldst be at once, omniscient and omnipotent? Know that I to whom hoariest time is green and young, have still to struggle with the difficulties with which I feel myself surrounded—I—I to whom it were easy to hide one of those wandering globes in the hollow of my palm!’ And here his sonorous voice rolled and thundered, so that distant spheres reverberated the echoing clang. Affrighted, I would fain have shrunk and retired from

his presence ; but I had obtruded unasked, and must now await his pleasure before I could withdraw.

‘I have struggled ere now’ he continued, ‘to uphold a sinking universe, and to avert the destruction which threatened it. I have plunged into the abysses of space ; I have sounded the depths of eternity, but these questions I never once put, much less am able to resolve. Who and what art thou—being of a day, that thou shouldst desire to surpass the wisest of thy compeers—what has served to instil these vain aspirings, or the mad presumption that seeks to gratify them? Hast no tasks to perform, no duties to realize, no loved associates to commune with? Wouldst ride the race with me—wouldst choose the allotted task which I perform?’ And without waiting for a reply, I was whirled as by an all-powerful arm, through the boundless regions of space. Hosts of spirits, mighty, innumerable, sped with us, and received their commands. Some re-

placed a tottering world straying from its orbit—others dammed up a tumultuous ocean whose tyrant surges threatened to overwhelm continents and races of living beings—others shot floods of light whither it was needed—others rendered stable some reeling sun whom numberless attractions had inclined on its axis—others remoulded the plastic stars, set them firm in their places, or urged the rocket comets on their headlong flight—others fashioned plants and animals, and taught them where to grow and thrive—others again, coerced the lightning, or darting after the erring flashes arrested them in their mad career. And thus, the mighty task was plied through countless leagues of endless space. Farther, farther, far than I had dared essay, did we speed our rapid flight: the master spirit that led us knew nor stop nor stay. He was aware of his allotted duties and master-like performed them. Other spirits ruled other fields of space; each knew what

was intrusted to him, and ventured not beyond the verge of his own domain.

“O, for words to pourtray our backward wheeling course— that, might no tongue essay. At length, we reached the green and golden lights once more. The attendant throngs dispersed, and I was left alone with him, who had evoked them. After a searching pause, he thus spoke out—‘Hast seen enough, or wouldst venture afresh on other paths of inquiry. I reign over given regions of space. Some know more, others less—but none, I wot, can satisfy thy requirements. I am the spirit of air—seek if thou wilt, him who controls the mutations of the elements—him who directs the processes of life, or him again, who superintends the workings of thought. Sure am I, wert thou to search a myriad years, thou wouldst never come to the end of thy inquiries. I have tolerated thy intrusion—go, farewell!’ Here clarion harmonies sounded in my ears; a spirit beaming with

youth and beauty, conducted me to the porch, and I withdrew.

“The master of the elements sat on a mountain of gold higher than Andes or Himala; smooth, glittering, unapproachable. I stood at its base and bowed myself to the ground. ‘What wouldst thou,’ the shape exclaimed, with solemn voice and slow—‘thou art not of mine, what wouldst with me?’ ‘I would seek, Oh mighty spirit, the secret of the elements, their names, combinations, and powers—above all, the manner and the origin of their existence and mutations.’ ‘Here have I sat,’ rejoined the shape, ‘through countless ages, and was never thus accosted before. Humbler spirits ventured not to approach—mightier knew better than to inquire. I can shew thee what I know, but more than I know, I am unable to unfold; this much can I grant, no more! So saying, he descended like a fire-cloud from the summit of his hill, and grasping me, sunk with resistless

power, into the deep recesses of the yawning soil.

“ Here was the storehouse of the universe ; the material whence globes unnumbered, numberless, had been formed without in aught to appearance—such was its immensity—diminishing the extent. Here were oceans wide-spread, limitless, of molten gold, silver, brass, and iron—oceans’ whose abysses were never plumbed, heaved and flowed within a boundary beyond which they had no command to go. Fire-spirits bounded and played in their midst—lashing the brazen surges as if in sport—anon diving into the liquid depths beneath, hot, fiery, interminable. Others ladled the fervent element into cups of adamant, brimful, of ocean-width, and poured it, hissing, sparkling, thundering, into the mighty recesses of new-formed worlds. Shoals of diamonds were there, whose glitter never saw the sun ; fields of pearls ; vast caverns filled with rubies, amethysts, emeralds, which

shone and glowed with native light serene. Rocks—granite, basalt, quartz, marble pure as snow, towered in altitude immeasurable; salts of every form and hue—elemental brimstone, purest metals, unused, untarnished, unseen, and a mightier sea than living world has e'er displayed, but which has sufficed almost undiminished, to yield to each its boiling tumultuous flood. Winds, gases, airs of every elemental kind, were shut up in caves of not-to-be-calculated immensity, ready to issue on their roaring errands when the voice of the master bade. Worlds too—earths, stars, unillumined, chaotic, massive, formless. At these, countless spirits heaved and toiled at the beck of him, servant of a higher power, who by voice or emissary, urged them on. Some, nearer completion, were whirled on their axes by the fashioning spirits, who now added, now lopped away, till the well-poised sphere was finished. And then, O God, to witness the mighty mass hurled by that master hand, as hurtling, it boomed

and surged its way into the midst of revolving globes, joining countless worlds in their ceaseless song of joy and praise towards the Architect and contriver of them all!

‘What wouldst now, thou daring spirit?’ exclaimed the master of the elements. ‘Thou hast witnessed, unblenched, the secret works which I—servant of the Mighty and Immutable God—had it in my power to display. These can I shew thee; but the source and innate properties of the materials with which I work I cannot shew; thou must seek them elsewhere. But vain and presumptuous spirit, art not terrified with the magnitude of thy search? Whence comes thy arrogance—or what is thy capacity for secrets which I, even I, am unworthy to be told? Go hence; prostrate thyself in adoration mute and humble; but from me at least, seek not what I am unable to unfold.’

“Abashed, confounded, but not ashamed, I bowed myself and retired. Now I sought the spirit

of life: mighty, multiplex, shapeless, I found him surrounded by the germs of all animate things. The insect swarms were there, fish and reptiles innumerable, shells of gorgeous die, birds, quadrupeds, lastly man. There were prototypes of all races, living and extinct; also models of forms that, perchance, might one day live, but as yet, had never seen the day. Man in all his vigour and perfection, woman also with her unspeakable grace and beauty, were there. It was form and life—but life without a soul! No creature, however minute, came into being, whose atomic essence was not first dispatched from this mighty storehouse, this abode of the principle of life. Spirits countless, swift, zealous, were the ceaseless messengers. They arranged the processes of birth and death; they continued the varied mechanism by which life is preserved and perpetuated, as well as the innumerable acts, functions, and precursories of sensation, of which every animated framework is the depository. This, under the superinten-

dence of the spirit of life, himself controlled and directed by a higher power, they unceasingly performed.

‘Thou hast seen what I have done, what I can do ; what wouldst thou now of me ? I can mould the living heart ; I can send the red blood whirring through the veins ; I can mould the rigid bones and vigorous muscles, stretch the tender nerves, and make them instruments whereby the immortal soul works its purposes. I can do all this, but I am not the giver of life : he, in whose hands it is, I am unworthy to behold. It is his gift ; I am but his servant, the doer of his will, the humble minister of his divine commands. Yet thou, even thou, wouldst penetrate into his arcana — arcana which I witness, which I tend, but am unable to comprehend. If thou wouldst learn more, thou must go hence ; I have imparted to thee what I know, I can no more.’

“ Another spirit yet remained to be sought ; it was the spirit of thought—the director of

mental combinations—the controller of feelings, emotions, affections. He dwelt in space surrounded by formless shapes, multitudinous, numberless; himself formless, but vast, spirit-stirring, thrilling, without voice, or sound, or lineament, the ideas entered my soul. Again, it said, or seemed to say, whispering in the midst of my soul — “What wouldst thou? Wouldst behold the hidden mazes of thought, the secret springs of passion and emotion; wouldst learn the subtle theory, the misty hypothesis as yet in their germ? Here lie all ideas, intricate combinations, deep - wrought principles, and multifarious conceptions in whatever garb clothed, in whatever terms couched, and whatever subject they concern; not only all that have been, but all that shall be while time endures: the lofty thought, the brilliant conception, the tender emotion, each and all as they have ever agitated or ever shall agitate the heart of man! Here too, lie piled the dialects of nations, the mutations, all but

infinite, of language—those which it has undergone, and those which remain for it to undergo. Wouldst observe the busy spirits that ply at my command ; wouldst see them conveying to each and all as they come into being, their several powers, the capacities which are to distinguish them ; or which, perchance, they are to leave unwrought ? Wouldst thou wing thy flight with me to any bright particular star ; wouldst peer into the souls of men, then and there behold the ceaseless working of their intellects—their passions, follies, virtues, crimes : come with me ? I can shew the traitor and the dastard hatching spells that are to thrall their kind—the patriot and philanthropist forming plans for the regeneration of their race—the plotting statesman and the zealous fanatic, as well as the humble beneficent priest—the man of science who ponders the elements, as yet imperfect, of some all important discovery, the vain projector, and him who eaten up with sloth and idleness, forswears his mighty gifts !

All this and more can I shew thee ; but I cannot shew thee the nature and origin of the mental conditions, feelings, and affections, of which, directed by a controlling power, I dispose. Seek, then, if thou wilt, what thou wouldst learn, from the messengers of the Most High ; with me thou hast no farther concern.'

"Thus rebuked, but rebuked in vain, I knelt on the lofty floor and poured out my prayer. 'O spirits—mighty, immutable, hear ye me—say if I may realize the object of my wishes—my inquiries, can they be satisfied—or must I grovel on, ignorant for ever of the knowledge which I would obtain?' Here a clarion voice pealed from highest heaven—'Immortal, yet vain, arrogant, unwitting, thou like others must wait thy time. Whether thy wishes shall eventually be granted, the lapse of countless ages alone can decide. Meanwhile, thou must work, struggle, strive—above all, perform thy allotted task. Ally thyself with one of the busy bands which thou hast witnessed, which thou wilt,

each and all if thou dost choose it, in succession; and as thou dost fulfil thy duties, as thou dost perform thy task, so shall be thy eventual progress and success. Wisdom, by mortal or immortal, cannot be gained short of progressive efforts and experience. Be humble, persevering, strenuous, ambitious of knowledge as much as thou wilt, and each revolving age as it passes by, will leave thee richer in gathering stores than thou wast before. What lies for thee in the fruition of time, it is not for us to declare. Do thou thy part, and the Great Ruler of Events, cannot fail in his, nor we his humble instruments, in ours.'

"I heard the sonorous voice, and bowed in mute submission to its mandates. Again, the silken pinions waved along my shoulders—immortal melodies thrilled through my heart. Without seeking vain, because impracticable, acquirements, I have learnt to content myself with those best suited to my allotted powers. I perform with strenuous energy, my several

duties ; and realize, not only comfort and self-applause, but fragments, genuine though small, of the information I was fain to compass. And I look forward with subdued, although constant hope, that the time, however remote, may come, when all that I have ventured to ask, but more fully and perfectly than I am able to devise, may be yielded to my earnest and chastened prayer."

CHAPTER XVI.

PERKINS' DREAM.

“And they shall beat their swords into ploughshares, and their spears into pruning hooks; nation shall not lift up sword against nation, neither shall they learn war any more.”

“I WAS returning home pretty late, from a visit some miles from Thornley Hall. The shades of evening were closing fast, with a thick drizzling rain and murky atmosphere. I spurred my horse rapidly onward, with the view of escaping the wetting which threatened me, when I was aware of sounds of sobbing and

woe, and looking in the direction, beheld a woman with one child clasped to her bosom, another drawn close to her feet, trying, under the imperfect shelter which a tree afforded, to shield them from the pitiless storm. I instantly reined up my horse. The poor creature whom I now accosted, was decently, but thinly clad. Her gown, which she had drawn up to cover the weeping innocent at her breast, betrayed no flannel garment beneath; while the scanty shawl and bonnet were completely saturated with the dripping moisture.

‘ Poor woman, who are you, here and alone ; and how have you happened to pitch on so comfortless a refuge for yourself and little children ? ’

‘ I am a soldier’s widow, Sir. My husband died of dysentery on his way home from the Indies ; and I have been inquiring at the nearest post-town whether I could not obtain his arrears of pay. I could not leave my infants behind ; they are now hungry, foot-sore, and

weary ; and I am sure,' she said, weeping and trying to comfort her child as she spoke, 'I know not what to do.'

"The lesser of the two boys I lifted on the pommel of my saddle, covering him at the same time, with my cloak. The glad mother lightened of her burthen, I urged to fresh exertion. Her remaining little boy held by her hand, trotted by her side, and in about an hour we reached a public-house or tavern, where the civil landlady, at my intervention, readily accommodated the poor woman with a temporary change of garments. As for the little fellows, each provided with a hunch of bread and porringer of milk before a blazing fire, they grew chatty and frolicksome, and soon forgot their troubles. I requested the good landlady to detain them all night. After handing the now comforted parent the contents of my purse, I told her I thought I had sufficient interest with the benevolent Mr. Thornley to procure her a cottage and garden rent free.

To her further welfare, I should look myself. My wet clothes thoroughly dried by means of the genial warmth, and my horse well groomed, I rode home with the heartfelt satisfaction of having lightened the miseries, and contributed to the satisfaction of, at least, one human being.

“This little occurrence was only remarkable for the thoughts which it suggested in my mind. I could not help meditating on the destitution, the misery, and the distress—physical misery, physical destitution, physical distress, which every where subsisted. How many widows were there—how many orphans, and persons utterly forsaken and refugeless, throughout the world? Was it, could it be the intention of the benevolent Creator that such should abound? Surely no. And yet, if not, why was it? The fault must be the fault of man: where then did it reside, in what did it consist?

“Full of these reflections, I retired to my chamber to rest, but not to sleep. The wailing

of that poor widow and her suffering orphans never left my ears; it was to me as the mourning voices of the innumerable widows and orphans—friendless, desolate, that wandered over the earth. Many a widow might stand under a tree, many an orphan abide the pelting storm with none to help them. What an utter casualty it was that I should pass by and administer relief? What chance was there, remote and small indeed, that a similar solace should abound for all? And yet, what had been the range of my assistance, a little money, a little time, a few personal attentions, something truly, but mainly addressed to the body. Relief for the mind was not so easily afforded. Surely I said to myself, all should enjoy a modicum of food, of air, of clothing, of shelter, of warmth. The birds of the air are provided for, the beasts of the field have their lair, but poor, destitute human kind, too often knows not where to lay its head. Such things, assuredly, could not always be.

“ I sunk into a deep revery ; I did not sleep, but I became still and motionless, while my mind ranged through exhaustless fields of thought. I wished that I might sleep were it for a thousand years ; that long sleep elapsed, I should waken to a very different scene. And then, I thought, the progression of our race is not a thing of chance ; it has proceeded and must proceed by fixed laws ; and if so, is it not possible to anticipate, to calculate them ? Whether my body slept I know not, for my attention was completely wrapt. I have more than once, indeed, experienced a similar condition ; but whether sleeping or waking, the activity of my mind was never the less.

“ Had a thousand years indeed passed by ; or was I still inhabiting this earthly sphere ? I looked abroad, misery and distress, at least physical misery and distress, such as might come under others observation, no where abounded. The eye only rested on well cultivated fields, either displaying the yellow harvest

or the green crop. Cottages, houses, villages, cities, towns, and here and there buildings of the most exquisite proportions, subsisted on every side. The architecture was most varied; but no where mean, sordid, or defective. Broad and even thoroughfares, connected the different habitations; and contented crowds of well-dressed men, women, and children, proceeded hither and thither on their several pursuits and avocations. The fields were assiduously tilled; moors, morasses, or wildernesses were no where to be seen. Every one was busied; no one seemed oppressed with sordid care, or attenuated by haggard want. Of those whom I witnessed, some directed while others executed; and from the youngest to the oldest, the sick, the maimed, and the infant excepted, no one seemed wholly unoccupied.

“I looked on bewildered and perplexed. ‘Sir,’ said a benevolent person, accosting me, ‘you are a stranger and alone: if it be agreeable, I shall be happy to acquaint you with our habits

and ways.' I accepted the proffered courtesy with eagerness, and forthwith accompanied my entertainer to a spacious and costly erection, which he informed me was set aside for the reception of foreign guests and others. A ready-spread collation was placed on the tables, and youths and maidens, whose office it seemed to be, attended to my wants with assiduity and address.

'Our modes of living' said Anselmo, the title by which I shall designate my host, 'are sufficiently simple. It is ever our rule to follow the dictates of nature, as ascertained and defined by a long course of human experience and the collective wisdom of our race. This was not the case in previous ages of the world, when men were either swayed by the usages of an imperfect prescriptive civilization, or abandoned to the excesses and the wants of savage life. We have none of the miserable results of a system of competition ending in the debasement of the many, and the elevation of the

few. Commerce, navigation, and manufactures are no longer conducted without the greatest attention to the welfare of those concerned in them. Free trade, once so strenuously contended for, and only established after ages of exertion, has long been universal over the world. Every nation freely exchanges the productions for which it is best adapted, with others less fortunately circumstanced ; and receives in return articles which, unless with great cost of time and labour, it is unable to create. Grapes are no longer grown in Labrador, nor do cotton factories subsist in Egypt. England still retains the willing monopoly of iron ware, and those other articles which her enormous fields of coal enable her to supply. France produces her wines and silks, Italy the olive ; each, in fine, attends to what it is best fitted for ; and even when different countries raise the same produce—as wine, the excellencies peculiar to each, causes it to be sought for elsewhere. Internal consumption however, is

now what nations mainly look to. Commerce, indeed, is vastly augmented; but domestic exchanges much more so; and the one is never made to yield unduly to the other.

‘Close and stifling abodes reeking with misery, want, and crime subsist no more. Men dwell in commodious habitations, some in isolated mansions, others in towns and cities; others again in palaces, numbers residing under one roof. The fetid manufactory and the filthy cellar are alike unseen. Metals, whether base or precious as they were once termed, are no longer employed as a medium of exchange. People in the present day would as soon think of burthening their persons with masses of stone or iron as with pieces of silver, copper, or gold. Exchanges are managed much more simply by means of paper money. The value of each individual’s skill and capabilities being carefully estimated by the community, village, or association to which he belongs, he receives from the keeper of the books in which the

amount of every one's labour is duly and daily registered, a printed bill or note equivalent to the days, weeks, months he may have been engaged. These circulate as money over the country : they are however, principally available on the spot in procuring the necessaries and luxuries of life, of which every imaginable variety are duly stored up in suitable warehouses. These are tended by active young men who effect the requisite exchanges with ease and promptitude ; and without a tithe of the expenditure in time and labour attendant on the exploded system of keeping open shops where merchandize was often injured by undue exposure, and multitudes withheld from productive occupations. The notes paid in are placed in the charge of the cashier who balances his books every month, and keeps an accurate account of the amount of stock received and expended. This paper money, which is never counterfeited or falsified, is found sufficient for every purpose, and answers alike for home

consumption and foreign exchanges. Errors even, such is the exquisite perfection with which accounts are kept, rarely ensue. As for bankruptcies, fraudulent evasions, insolvencies, over-trading, over-production, and other miseries of antiquated commercial arrangements, they are alike unknown.

‘Stock-jobbers, brokers, bankers, persons who trade on the money and means of others, have passed away with their names. Each merchant or firm of merchants, traders, agriculturalists or manufacturers, attends to his or its own money concerns. They need no go-between—no one to absorb a large percentage of their earnings, merely for taking the trouble of handing sums of money from one man to another—from the owner to the receiver, who imparts an equivalent in return. Should strangers,’ continued Anselmo, ‘arrive from foreign parts, their paper money is readily exchanged for domestic, by the merchant who deals with those countries. Goods are interchanged on

the same equitable principles, for merchandize or for money ; the latter in this case, serving to repay a subsequent importation. Hence, the paper of one country circulates, perchance, over the globe, and finds its destination at last ; the circumstance of bills being dishonoured by nations or communities is a thing unheard of.

‘The systematic exertions once practised in and under the name of interest in money, no longer exists. If individuals choose to retain the paper securities handed them by others, or obtained in return for their talents and industry, they are at liberty to do so ; otherwise they may deposit them in the hands of public cashiers, to be withdrawn or to receive equivalents at pleasure. Interest was necessary and inevitable under the old system of monetary exchanges, but no ways so in a new and improved one. As for the outlay necessary in public constructions, whether national or local, it is equitably distributed according to the means of the individuals and communities. Enor-

mous drains are no longer made for the payment of public functionaries, useless and unproductive hordes of soldiers and sailors. A very moderate outlay suffices for these purposes : a national marine, unless for scientific or social purposes, is not required : war, that curse of humanity, has become mere matter of historical record. No nation would submit to any the least infraction of its rights and privileges : all would rise as one man, were these invaded, and would never think of delegating to a portion, the honour or the risk ensuing from the legitimate exercise of soldier-craft. We look with astonishment observed the worthy Anselmo, ' at the old ages of the world, when every nation maintained masses of hundreds of thousands of men, unproductive, isolated, demoralized, for the mere purpose of guarding against the contingency of an attack by others. Nations no longer entertain the absurd idea of violating each other's territories : they seek rather to bestow than to take away, to serve, than to in-

jure—to share the goods of providence than to appropriate them to themselves.

‘Matters of government are easily arranged. The once grand concerns of war and peace have ceased to distract public attention, for the simple reason that all nations are at peace. We should as soon expect to witness the enlightened brethren of the happy community now before you, assaulting one another with murderous weapons, as that nations should set themselves against nation in deadly array. Were any people wicked enough, to attempt anything so preposterous, they would speedily be put down by the combined efforts of the rest: for the nations of the earth are as so many brotherhoods of peace and love. Cannons, rockets, bombs, musquet, dagger, lance and spear, are only seen in museums as relics of barbarous times. It is enough to struggle with the elements without turning our powers against one another. A number of men and women of superior intelligence and sagacity, as-

semble in some convenient central spot, and there interchange ideas on the important questions of colonization, commerce, manufactures, the diffusion of knowledge, better promotion of human intercourse, public improvements, health of the community, and such other matters as concern the general welfare: When these become fatigued, or it proves inconvenient to remain, they retire, and others with varied arguments, fill their place, so that the assembly is never dissolved. The proceedings are duly recorded, and the interesting intelligence is conveyed to every member of the community. For we do not follow the inconvenient precedent of bygone parliaments; the public welfare is of sufficient importance to demand and engage unintermitting attention. In certain countries some superior individual, with or without the ancient title of king or queen, is selected to preside. In others, these titles are accorded for a term of years, perhaps for life, to men and women of peculiar wisdom and ex-

cellence, whom it, therefore, delights the community to honour, reverence, to maintain sumptuously, and to lodge in erections of surpassing beauty and magnificence. These kings and queens, however, possess no power but that of doing good ; and the beneficence and purity of their preceding lives, furnish an ample guarantee, that the elevation which has been accorded to them, can never be abused.

‘ Good and wise men, authors of inventions and discoveries useful to their race, are not persecuted as in past ages of the world ; praise, honour, and consideration are duly accorded to them. If you look around, you may perceive statues of gold on marble pedestals, exquisitely wrought, erected to the memory of illustrious discoverers, or those who by their wisdom, their self-devotion, and unintermitting exertions to benefit their fellows, have won this honour of mankind. We esteem this metal doubly precious for its subordination to this useful purpose. No longer wasted in the fabrication of a circu-

lating medium to which, from its costliness and easy wear, it is so ill adapted, we perpetuate therein for ever, the exact lineaments of those who were loved and honoured in life, and revered in death. The morning sun illumines these sacred images as we rise, and the setting sun lights them up at the close of each well-spent day—glorious to those whom they represent, as well as an everlasting incentive to those who behold them. A short legend indicative of the birth, death, and principal events of the much respected originals, is graven on the pedestals of these statues.’

‘Where are your jails, your penitentiaries for the reformation of criminals?’ I unwittingly exclaimed. To which he smilingly and joyously replied—‘We have none such. If you will look yonder to the right, you will perceive a grim, time-worn building, fit monument of the ignorance and folly of our forefathers. That erection, if tradition can be depended on, was once the abode of numbers of men and

women, who under the names of criminals—felons, led a wretched existence, terminated by a not less miserable death.

‘Our institutions are not such as to involve either want or destitution; our children are well educated, and if not absolutely perfect—we are not so impracticable as to expect that—are at any rate, free from the excesses, the vices, and the crimes that called for the repressive coercion of former times. We are not of opinion that human beings display any instinctive proneness towards iniquity; we know that if we train up a child in the knowledge of what is right, when he is old, he will not deviate from it. If vice in any direction, rear its hideous front, we try to ascertain the cause; and having ascertained, hasten to extirpate it. We recollect with pity and concern the times wherein so large a portion of the community were left either wholly ignorant or very ill instructed; and then, exposing them to irresistible temptations, visited with sanguinary inflictions,

the inevitable result. By removing the sources of crime we remove crime itself; we cannot cease to view with regret, the past existence of a state of things that permitted the young to grow up unrestrained in the practice of every species of vice and criminality; and then, when ripe in iniquity, but not before, pounced on them in order to inflict a punishment that left them more debased and hardened than before. Punishments if resorted to at all, should be corrective, not vindictive; to reform, not merely to inflict needless suffering. At a period not just so remote as that to which I have adverted, incipient criminals—drunkards, spendthrifts, and those guilty of grossly outrageous conduct, were properly confined in suitable receptacles, whence they were not permitted to depart till altered habits gave promise of permanent amendment. We have now, none of that class that used to live by the exposure or defence of the frauds, follies, and iniquities of their fellows. The rights of individuals, of communities, of na-

tions, are so well defined and established, that every one is perfectly acquainted with them. Hence, any occasional infraction is easily, remedied without the ponderous, costly, and unproductive machinery of the law.

‘The causes of disease, and the origin of the destructive epidemics that once ravaged the globe, have been so carefully studied that considerable light has been thrown upon the subject. We are unable to extirpate disease much less death; but we can render the former much less frequent, as well as protract the invasion of the latter to a period more conformable with the natural duration of life and the presumed intentions of the Creator. Even epidemics, although we cannot divine the sources of them all, we learn from past experience, only spread when communities laboured under physical destitution. All the maladies, and they were numerous, that arose from want, hunger, cold insufficient clothing, undue exposure, intemperance and excess, have altogether disappeared.

The occupation of the physician, therefore, except in so far as he is called on to lay down rules and regulations for the preservation of health, to allay accidental disease, and the sufferings sometimes inevitable at the close of life, is greatly restricted. Casualties, of course, occasionally ensue, but such is our habitual prudence, that they are comparatively rare. Women being well formed, healthy, active, are not exposed to torturing miscarriages, or any of the miseries of irregular confinements. Lunatics and idiots once so common, that thousands of asylums it is said, subsisted in Europe for their reception, are not now to be seen. Local cerebral disease, indeed, sometimes suspends the functions of the mind, but this is rare and exceptional. The bodily powers not being unduly taxed either by over-exertion or debauchery, are equably exerted and as equably decline. In no instance are children, women, or old men confined to occupations unsuited to their age, sex, or strength.

'The greatest possible care is taken in the education of the young. Their faculties are gradually developed; force or constraint is never resorted to. We know that their exercise is a source of pleasure; and that gentle rational culture, with the example of others, proves sufficient for the purpose. The attention for the time is well sustained; but the greatest possible care is taken not unduly to exhaust it. The intervals are spent in play or in occupations calculated to improve the manual powers, to convey a knowledge of innocent accomplishments, to improve and maintain the health. Science, literature, and art receive their several allotted quotas; children are not oppressed with the acquisition of numerous languages whether ancient or modern, but considerable familiarity with the leading dialects through the medium of which men have thought and felt, and still think and feel, is deemed incumbent on all. Some learn these—others those; while the knowledge is imparted by simple and easy

processes at a period so early as not to interfere with the pursuits of science and art, or the occupations of daily life. We should consider it at once criminal and absurd to leave any of our children in ignorance ; we educate each and all to the best of our ability. And it generally happens that a predilection, accidental or acquired, turns attention to some one pursuit in preference to another, so as to ensure comparative excellence.

‘ Old modes of agriculture have been retained when they were deemed preferable ; otherwise, new and greatly improved procedures have been substituted. By close attention to the requirements of each locality—varied manures, animal, vegetable, and chemical—pulverization of the soil, irrigation and drainage, the land has come to wear the aspect of one immense and shining garden. Every one is anxious to embark in the pursuit ; nothing is left to chance, and the exuberant fertility which is the consequence, precludes the very possi-

bility of physical want or destitution. Machinery of various kinds, worked by air or water, except in so far as it may be deemed necessary or agreeable, has superseded all recourse to manual labour : so that in fact, the culture of the soil once so onerous, is little more than an amusing species of horticulture. ;

‘ We are numerous, but not in excess. The sad doctrines once current in the world, that human increase was only to be kept down by starvation and misery, no longer finds credence. We know that the Deity could not intend that his creatures should not obtain subsistence in a manner conformable to what might be anticipated from his wisdom and goodness. When we find our numbers in any given locality inconveniently great, we remove in part to another. The earth is large : thousands on thousands of years, probably, would not suffice to cover it with human habitations. The same kind Providence that without the will or knowledge of the parents, sends an

equal, or nearly equal number of the sexes into the world, has also duly regulated this important matter. We uniformly find in densely-peopled communities, that when the sum of their personal comforts and indulgencies multiply to a certain extent, the fruitfulness of that community decreases in proportion. This circumstance, not the mere multiplication of numbers, proves the signal for dispersion. We do not deem it desirable that human increase should be restricted, till the whole world shall be covered with inhabitants. Once this consummation—if ever, has taken place, we doubt not that through the merciful intervention of the Deity, the numbers of those who come into the world, shall bear an exact proportion to those who go out of it.

‘Marriages are regulated by the same equitable principles that govern every other transaction in life. The young do not require to be told whom they shall choose as partners for life. They have commonly ample opportunities

for selection, and for inquiring into the state of each other's hearts, characters, and addictions. Some bring their mates from a distance, and not, unfrequently, strangers obtain theirs from us. Marriages take place early. In this way, parents longer enjoy the society of their children, and remain longer exempt from the final separation entailed by death. Every one, young and old, is alike interested in the continence and purity of all the members of the community; and thus it comes that fidelity and chastity are alike observed by the married and the unmarried. And when the last inevitable dis-severment comes—when the golden links are broken,—it is with the hope and happy assurance of meeting again.

‘Every available means are made use of, to inculcate the fullest dependence on the Creator; and to instil the intimate conviction that his designs and his providence are ever for the best. Precepts, moral and religious, the reflection of our practice, adorn the walls of our

habitations, and the porches of our dwellings. Wise and good individuals, men and women, whom the voice of their fellows and their own earnest longings, point out as peculiarly fitted for the task, devote themselves to the moral culture of the community, the young in particular. All are enjoined to keep their passions within proper control—to treat their associates with kindness, consideration, and respect; and to do all in their power to assuage and lessen the sufferings more or less connected with the bereavements and trials inevitably consequent on this fugitive and perishable existence. Every creed short of invading the privileges of others, receives the most ample toleration and protection. Few, however, are found to violate the right which every one enjoys to worship his Creator after the fashion which his conscience points out as best, much less attempt to exercise a spiritual domination over the feelings and convictions of their fellows. We feel that we are all bound on one solemn errand; that time

and tide are floating us ever onward ; and that in a brief period we shall be alike ushered into the presence of our Maker, to be inducted into new duties, hopes, fears, anticipations. All are eager and aspiring, desirous to help one another, but none of us arrogate the exclusive knowledge of pointing out a path, which those who tread, are never seen to retrace. We bow our heads in silence and submission ; we know that our Creator is just, and wise, and good ; and we await the termination of our career with humble but trustful hope."

"Thus ended the observations of Anselmo, which I heard with little interruption to the close. The aspect of everything that I beheld, corroborated his observations to the letter. Destitution, misery, want, existed not in name. The ground was tilled even as a pleasant garden. Shrubs and beauteous flowers constituted the only hedgerows ; swamps, marshes, moors, uncultivated tracts were not to be seen. The very birds, undeterred by the presence of man,

hovered over our heads, and lit upon our shoulders ; their nests even were obvious to every beholder ; while the nightingale, lark, thrush, black-bird trilled their notes unscared beside us. Crowds of children, full of grace, cheerfulness, and innocence, swarmed along the thoroughfares, or sported on the green ; some going, others coming, to and from the spots selected for their occupation or instruction ; some again, gambolling around their parents, tending the fruits and flowers, or waiting on the persons and executing the commands of their seniors. Every one was busy, every one contented, every one happy.

“ Noble buildings received the moving throngs within their ample recesses. Libraries, music rooms, halls of science, of art, were open on every side to all. The married enjoyed separate suites of apartment ; the young fared in common, or shared the society of their relatives, unless when immersed in study and alone. Abundance, without profusion, covered the

tables at stated hours in splendid refectories. It was a pleasure to visit the apartments where food was prepared by smiling maidens with utter absence of soot or soil. Vast factories for the production of every useful or desirable article, abounded in different directions. Here, well-proportioned youths directed the strokes of cyclopean hammers, or superintended the operations of complicated machinery. There, deft and happy children inspected the workings of looms, that almost without the aid of hands, produced firm and costly fabrics of silk, or cotton, or linen, or wool. Utility and beauty were alike consulted; while the excellence of the texture, the graceful simplicity of the garments, and the absence of the meretricious constraints of fashion rendered these vestures of almost perennial durability. Many, the young of both sexes in particular, were clad in tunics white as snow; while other colours, blue, red, violet, green, gold, alone or contrasted, were also displayed.

Every art conducive to human comfort and convenience was carried on with expedition and success; while those that were pernicious or superfluous, were relegated to oblivion. Persons were no where seen engaged in conferring the highest possible polish on steel or iron, at the expense of health and life, to be effaced the first time it was employed. Multitudes were no longer immured in stifling apartments, busied from morning to night in return for a miserable sustenance, in the exaggerated production of articles for which there was an uncertain and precarious demand. Supplies of every kind, however, abounded commensurate with all ordinary and extraordinary occasions; while vast fireproof warehouses, filled with fabrics useful or ornamental, attested at once the industry and forecast of the community. Varied and attractive arrangements prevented labour from ever proving irksome. Busy youth vied in assisting each other; and the short and pleasant hours thus spent, aided by every imaginable appliance of science and art, hardly

deserved the name of toil. The necessary task completed, the parties engaged hastened to dress for the mid-day meal, which displayed a delightful and engaging re-union of accomplished persons of both sexes. Strains of delicious music relieved the conversation at intervals; and youths by turns, administered with graceful celerity to the wants of their companions. No slave, no trained waiter was ever half so alert; and the meal concluded, they sat down to a table by themselves. The afternoon was spent as inclination or necessity prompted, in the cares of business, the pursuits of literature, science, or art, in out-door recreation, or in social communion within. No one seemed at a loss for occupation; the hours flitted happily by, and mental weariness never once obtruded itself.

“In the cities, towns, and palace-like structures, convenience, utility and magnificence went hand in hand. Suffice to say, every thing which comfort, security, and permanance dictated, was realized regardless of or trouble cost. The

houses were constructed, some of wood or iron, others of marble, basalt, granite, or other massive stone. The stair-cases and floors were of similar materials, but beautifully painted and decorated. Even the window-frames were of metal with gorgeous plates of glass that admitted the unsullied light of day. The tasteful hangings, carpets, furniture, even to the garments of the children, were imbued with preparations that rendered them insusceptible of fire; hence this cruel and destructive element was converted into a friend and accessory, and never suffered to become a foe. A judicious and effective system of ventilation secured the purity of the vital element at all seasons; and the apartments were warmed in a manner, that while it permitted one to witness the pleasant radiance of the fire, effectually excluded both smoke and dust. In other respects, books, furniture, utensils, with all the comforts and conveniences of civilized life, were so arranged

as to be available with little expenditure of time or trouble.

“As regarded the sea-coasts, all shoaly spots were marked off; light-houses adorned every promontory. The well-built ships were constructed of wood or iron; in the former case made incombustible; in both, by means of hermetic tubes, rendered so buoyant as to be incapable of foundering even if water-logged. Thus solidly and permanently built, and whether impelled by the direct action of the atmosphere, or by means of ingenious hydraulic engines, they were in every case provided with active and numerous crews, as well as every comfort and appliance that isolation on the watery waste might render desirable. In many instances, fathers were accompanied by their wives and families, and the business of life went on uninterruptedly at sea as on shore. With these well-formed vessels and intelligent equipages, the perils of the mighty ocean were

vastly diminished, while it had become a familiar thoroughfare for the children of men.

‘Hearest,’ said my conductor, ‘hearest thou that joyful carillon—a marriage is now to be celebrated, and some happy youth and maiden are about to realize the brightest hopes of their existence. Let us hasten to the joyous scene.’ We sped accordingly, and entered with others into a noble and spacious hall—a temple dedicated to the most High God. Here, amid crowds of sympathizing friends and kindred, the youth avowed his manly determination to have and to hold his partner for life—to love, to worship, to protect her through weal and through woe—to be a friend and loving husband, ever constant, ever true. blushing, innocent, artless, the maiden owned her sacred preference—her love, her devotion, through time, through eternity. The venerable man who acted as pastor, entreating the Almighty’s blessing, enjoined them severally, to be observant of their plighted faith—to be pa-

tient, constant, forbearing, so might they hope for the love of God, the applause of their kind, and the approbation of their own breasts. A stately matron now arose, and with words of wisdom, blended with tears of satisfaction and joy, pronounced a glowing eulogy on the young creatures who stood before her. 'And O,' she added, 'may long years crown your enjoyment; and like myself, thankful that I am for the blessing, may you witness the perpetuation of your line in the happy smiling faces of good and virtuous children.' All who heard her seemed greatly moved: the youth embraced his bride, and placing her hand in his, they moved away, to the sound of choral voices, youths and maidens singing sweetly in honour of the occasion. As for me, my eyes were rivetted on the procession till the last wave of the bridegroom's graceful tunic, and the last flutter of the snow-white robes of the bride, emblems of her spotless purity, faded from my vision.

“I was about to depart. ‘Pause,’ said my friend; ‘other solemnities will presently be celebrated;’ and, here, a tender mother came forward, her smiling baby clasped to her bosom. Now she held it up with proud maternal fondness, that it should receive a name, by which henceforth it should be known among the children of men, and be dedicated at once to the service of God and of its kind. ‘Wouldst have it bear thy name,’ said Anselmo; ‘it is a mark of respect which we are wont to pay strangers?’ I started, murmured, but ere I could well reply, words had been exchanged, and the venerable pastor had pronounced the name—Edward, which the innocent was thenceforth to bear. ‘O, stranger,’ he said, ‘bless this thy namesake, in thy secret heart; pray that he may be wise and good, and happily realize the desirable ends of life.’ The young mother looked wistfully at me; my lips moved in prayer; in my inmost soul, I intreated that the infant might prove all which those who

dearly loved it, could desire. They retired. Again, a throng, silent and slow, moved forward. On a bier, borne on mens' decent shoulders, lay an aged man. He had died in peace, and in the fulness of his time. 'Behold,' said the speaker, 'a brother who has disappeared from among us, and whom we shall all rejoin again. As son, brother, husband, man, he has well performed his part. His body returns to the elements whence it came ; but his soul goes to the God who gave it, by whom it shall receive another mission, and be enjoined another career. O, like him may we die when our work is done—like him may we part, with the calm and happy consciousness that we have performed our task ; and that we are prepared with calmness and submission to undertake whatever the master of life may further require.'"

"I departed from the sacred edifice, and joined a multitude of persons taking their recreation in the open air. Here were young children, infants almost, sportington the gree

turf, or amid the flowers; aged men and women, decrepit, but cheerful; adults, matrons in the vigour of their prime; young men, earnest, vehement, and bashful maidens. They held sweet converse each with each; amenity, courtesy, intelligence, and urbanity, marked all that was said and done. The matrons communed with dignified sweetness and self-possession; the men with noble frankness; the youths with the deferential mean they owed their elders and superiors; the maidens timidly and retiringly, with eyes that spoke more than words might tell. O, for the looks of affection, devotion, love, which each and all displayed—O, for the majestic, graceful bearing, and the utter absence of vaunting pride, which marked these noble specimens of the sons and daughters of men. There was something so winning, so candid, so ingenuous, so friendly, in all they said and did, as to be impossible to describe—no, I shall never forget it to my dying day! Now delicious melodies rang through my ears,

sweet odours regaled my nostrils—gales from paradise were wafted towards me: I was in ecstasy. All at once, the faces became indistinct, the sweet voices inaudible: my eyes slowly opened; my head was resting on my hands, and the orient sun now risen gilded with his rays the place where I sat."

CHAPTER XVII.

TROUBLES.

“Blicke nicht an Boden haften,
Frisch gewegt und frisch hinaus!
Kopf und Arm, mit heitern Kräften,
Ueberall sind sie zu Haus.”

THE perusal of these relics, if I might so term them, of Perkins, filled me with varied emotions. They further suggested ideas of no common place or every-day order; and without perhaps, coinciding with all his sentiments, there was much that was high-minded, original,

and even sublime. In the "Lapsed Spirit," he had portrayed scenes that human eye had never witnessed, or human foot trod; and I did not know which most to wonder at—the daring hardihood that ventured on descriptions which had no prototype save what they might find in his own fervid imagination, or the pure well-spring of emotion which dictated his glowing conceptions. As for the "Dream," surely, it was beautiful, at least in conception, to imagine a condition of society in which vice, folly, malignity, superstition, and destitution, should exist only in name; but it was not the less, perhaps, a dream to picture all men wise, good, religious—in the enjoyment of abundance without ever caring to revel in excess.

Perkins' health was declining fast; but as his physical powers waned, his spiritual became apparently more vigorous, his conceptions more lucid, his affections—were that indeed possible—purer, deeper, more earnest. He grew daily more and more emaciated, his cheeks

more pale and wan ; but his eyes only became the more piercing and bright, his smile the more winning, his conversation the more refined and attractive. Like the fabled bird of Arabia, he had built himself a funeral pyre of precious spices, the incense from which should waft his soul heavenward. And as in that beautiful credence, a new phoenix should spring from the ashes of the old, to live freed from the gross admixture of material substance, not a thousand but never-ending years in the blessed realms of Paradise.

To gratify me, he allowed me to send for a physician ; but the sagacious practitioner shook his head. "The days of the noble youth," he said, "are numbered ; soon shall he be among the things which have been, but are not."

"Well, what does the doctor say ?" he gaily observed, as he descended towards midday from his apartments ; "does he promise health, and strength, and length of life ?" But he looked aside as he spoke, and I could see a tear bedew

his eye, and a quivering about the lips whose expression might have moved a stone. The emotion however, passed as it came; and no one, to look at his clear serene features, might conceive the pang that had so lately agitated the heart within, or the effort requisite to master feelings almost too mighty for control.

"No," said he, "I shall never wince from my allotted fate, but meet it as I may. The King of Terrors has no terrors for me, except—" here he paused; nature would not forego her sway: he was not afraid to die, but he was afraid to leave those he loved behind. After a momentary silence, taking my hand, he again resumed, maintaining an animated conversation on topics the most diversified, for upwards of an hour. His temperament at once tender and gay, capable of boundless devotion and unlimited powers of application, subjected him to a giant struggle, one in which, if it might be, he was determined to win. Ah, little do they know, those who witness and justly com-

miserate wailing, and tears, and lamentations, and sobs and groans, that there is a grief too deep for tears, and that the heart may break while the lips wear a smile.

Father Power always welcome, visited us often. Since the memorable night of the confession, since he revealed his inmost secrets, and made us joint possessors of his sorrows and woes, he had ceased to be an ordinary acquaintance. Always esteemed and respected, he was now loved. Perkins shared with him the privacy of his apartment, where we often met all three together. However long I may survive, or through whatever scenes it may be my fortune to pass, I shall never forget the conversation of those greatly gifted men. O, that it could be traced in letters of gold, that I might have it before me, that I might recur to it again and again, in the storms, the tumults, the weariness of life. Dimmed indeed, in part, in my memory, by the many fleeting years, still like the costly perfume of the east which ad-

heres retentive, though you pour the essence on the ground, and break the vessel which contained it, the pleasant sweetness of that converse can never leave my soul.

Mr. Power had reflected deeply and earnestly during the long period of his calling. He had read as much perhaps, though in a different direction, as Perkins, and he had seen more. In depth of feeling indeed, it was impossible to surpass my own dear friend; but a more sincere man or more pious votary of his Creator, there did not exist than Power. There was a cheerful, yet calm and almost devout earnestness in his observations that made them peculiarly attractive. He sat long hours with Perkins, dilating on what he had thought and felt, and seen, and been, and done; and almost always, left him tranquil, happy, resigned. I was therefore, glad to see him make his appearance, as it diversified Perkins' intercourse with my uncle and myself, and left us more at liberty to attend to unavoidable engagements. They

spoke of man's condition here, of the intentions and objects of Providence in subjecting him to sorrows, sufferings, pains, diseases, and death ; as well as of his probable destiny in another and more enduring world. The father's own health, what from his ascetic course of life, his great and manifold troubles, the occasionally arduous duties of his office, and also the advance of years, was greatly shaken ; and it was obvious enough, that his course too, had not very long to run.

Both adverted with unaffected calmness, to the mighty change which they considered and looked at in all its momentous bearings. They felt, that to complete their destiny, it was necessary to die as to be born ; that they were under the orders of a great and benevolent Master, one who understood and must necessarily will their best and purest happiness. Perkins only knew the subject speculatively, and in so far as his deep and earnest intentions had conducted him—he had seen no one die.

Power, however, had beheld the approach of death in almost every imaginable form, on the stable land as amid the surge and surf of the roaring deep, in the cloister as in the closet, in the court as in the cottage, in the calm of peace, as amid the horrors and tumult of bloody war. He had witnessed alike the departure of innocence nipped in its bloom, of hoary age, the tender maiden, the manly youth, the saint, the sinner, the despairing parent, the yearning child, the humble and contrite, willing to relinquish the gift into the hands of Him who had imparted it, the ambitious and hard-hearted who struggled unavailingly against a dispensation which it was bootless to oppose. To witness the final transition might be said to be the end and office, almost the gratification of his daily existence. For how many a torn and bleeding heart had he not comforted, how many an agonized survivor had he not consoled; as in the midst perchance of pestilence and disease, as in the abodes of

opulence and splendour, he had still to point out the one last road to the tomb?

But alas! I could not pause on these topics, deep and important as they were; I had other troubles; my heart was sore beset. From Julia I had not heard for weeks; a whole month even had elapsed without intelligence. I pondered the contents of her last letter; I traced again and again, the characters which those precious fingers had penned, and as if to extort from the paper which those loving hands had folded, and on which those dear eyes dropped tears—for it was sad, some intelligence of my beloved. “O Julia, Julia,” a voice of terror and despair seemed to cry from the depths of my soul, “whither art thou sped, why did I part from thee, or wherefore did I let thee go?” All the emotions which one of ardent passions, and deeply devoted to the object of his affections, could be supposed to manifest, were manifested by me. I fear I must have enacted many extravagancies in my unrea-

son ; but in my deep, deep love, I prayed that I might see her and press her to my heart once more. Nothing but powerful antagonist emotions restrained me from rushing out and seeking her—my Julia—to the very ends, were it needful, of the earth. Times numberless, had I thrown myself face downwards on the floor, and given full scope to the reckless impulse of my grief, now, for the absence, perchance eternal, of my Julia, now for Perkins' decline and too obviously approaching end. Should I lose at once, my mistress and my friend, I were the most miserable and bereft of men. "No," I exclaimed, as I struck my temples impotent on the ground, "no, I shall never survive you, never was there such a mistress, never such a friend!"

A soft low voice here smote at the portals of my heart. "Wouldst forget thy poor uncle," it said, "who loves thee as a son, who has reared thee, and nurtured thee, and fondled thee, till from being a weak and helpless child, he has

made thee a strong and vigorous man?" Compunction seized me; I rose and dried my tears, then sought that uncle of whose loving kindness I had so timely bethought me. "Forgiveness, dearest uncle, thy forgiveness, I ask it on my knees." "Wherefore, my child, my heart, I have nothing to forgive?" "Ah! uncle mine, I have grieved, I have mourned, I have wept, I have almost despaired, forgetful, and yet not quite forgetful, of you. Could I indeed, forget that kind uncle—parent, I were unworthy to live."

"Son," said this good and wise man, with a gracious smile as he raised and pressed me to his breast, "I too, was once young, I too, remember eyes that can glance, lips that can never smile again. Yes, there was one fond woman's heart which I could venture to call my own, a bosom that owned no greater happiness than to be pressed to mine; but, but," here a wild, tumultuous burst of passion broke forth, as the chained but charmed memories of

the past, rushed in a flood over his soul. I was terrified, appalled at the whirlwind that I had thus unconsciously evoked. It seemed nothing that I, young, ardent, should love, should grieve, should despair; but here was the voice of passion, fiery, masterless, impetuous, for one who long since had mouldered in the tomb. My grief seemed insignificant, inconsequent, compared with the agony of that aged man, in whom I had never before witnessed, never before dreamt of, such a display.

I forbore to speak—those emotions were too sacred to justify any interference of mine. At length he became more composed. “Charles,” said he, “thirty long years have elapsed since my Elizabeth was engulfed in that fatal lake. Since my impetuous grief became calm, no man ever witnessed my emotions till now. From time to time, I grieved earnestly, deeply, bitterly, but never has the passion which once had mastery over me, so completely resumed its sway as now. Yes, Charles, thou touchedst

the magic chord that has served to awaken the slumbering feelings of the past. Let no one say that passion dies ; it may lie dormant for a time, but to re-awaken with renewed energy. I am old, and the tumults of my bosom now grown calm, will probably never be roused on this side the grave. Know, however, if thou dost not already know it, that woman's love can never be forgotten. Never, never can man forget the face which has looked with tender fondness into his ; the heart which has loved, the caresses which have been lavished, and the cares which have been centred only in him ! No ; the stream may mount to its source ; the plants may cease to be green, or the stars to shine, ere I forget thee, Elizabeth. As for thee, my child, cease to think of an old man's weakness, thou shalt see thy Julia again. It may not be that anything has happened the charming girl. She is wise, she is prudent, courageous even ; doubt it not, thou shalt behold her again."

I was strangely comforted by my uncle's

words—surely, surely, I should meet my Julia again. Should I not clasp her, my heart, my life, my soul, to my bosom ; should I not pour again into her ears those accents of love and tenderness which she had so well returned ? From a condition of absolute prostration and despair, I awoke to one of comparative hope. I had no further basis for my expectations than before ; yet, far as I was from being free from disquietude, my bosom had come to experience a calmness and serenity to which it had long been a stranger. My uncle's sorrow had withdrawn attention from myself ; and then, his heart-felt sympathy had poured the balm of peace and comfort into my soul. O ! thrice precious sympathy ; blessed friendship, source of so much good from man to man, what had I been without my uncle ; what should I be ? Best of friends, dearest of men, sacred be thy memory ; light be the turf upon thy hallowed grave. Think sometimes, as thou wanderest with thy Elizabeth through the sunny groves of

paradise, on the child of thy adoption, to whom it is a happiness to think that he shall rejoin thee again.

My uncle still continued to maintain the hospitality which he conceived incumbent on his station. Dr. Masterman, also Messrs. Hughes and Withers, occasionally met at our table. Mr. Hughes, though somewhat fanatical, was honest and sincere ; and in so far, I respected him. He excluded absolutely and unconditionally, but without bias or favour, from the pale of salvation, all whose sentiments did not tally with his own. It was vain to hold out to him the example of others equally exclusive, whose views were at variance with his own. "That might be," he said, "but he was right, and they were wrong;" that was the distinction ; and a very great distinction it was, only involving the trifling concession of his infallibility. Mr. Withers was intolerant ; Mr. Hughes was not. If you were wrong, it was your own look-out at your peril be it. He uttered no anathema ;

he launched no invective ; his demeanour was courteous ; though fixed in his opinions, he had not therefore ceased to be a gentleman. The unhappy terms—infidel, deist, atheist, unbeliever, were but too frequently in his associate's mouth ; he seemed to experience a sort of sinister pleasure in lavishing these opprobrious epithets. "He did not care," he said, "for hurting people's feelings, he wanted to hurt them. Doubtless, infidels did not like to be styled infidels ; very well, let them cease to be so, and he would not apply the term." It was once mildly observed, that persons reputed such, might not plead guilty to the charge ; perhaps, they might even choose to lavish it on him. "He defied them," he exclaimed ; "his orthodoxy was well known." It did not seem to occur to him—even granting the unerring judgment to which he laid claim, that Episcopalians, Catholics, Socinians, and even Atheists, however miserably mistaken, might be sincere as himself. He seemed to think that all who were different

in sentiment from himself had only to turn round and adopt his views at pleasure : if they did not do so, they but incurred one common fate. And did he really think, it was inquired of him, that belief was voluntary ; "Certainly," he replied, "else praise or blame, in matters of opinion were absurd." In that case it was rejoined, "he might with equal facility adopt the opinions, were it but for a moment, of those to whom he was most opposed." Mr. Withers was silent.

My uncle never spoke with the tone and air of one who thought himself infallible : he felt that he might be in error, although he had endeavoured to think aright. He listened with profound attention to the expression of sentiments different from his own ; but rarely uttered any other rejoinder than that it was very possible he might be mistaken, he should reconsider what was said. If pressed by an over-zealous or urgent opponent, he would simply observe, that the matter was too serious for immediate

decision. Retirement and self-communion, he had ever found necessary to enable him to arrive at just conclusions. Controversy from its very nature—the fluctuating views, the uncertain data, and the difficulty of keeping the subject of debate in view,—was apt to be attended with no other result, than that of confirming the several parties, more rootedly in their opinions, and of exciting feelings at once painful and disagreeable. My uncle's sincerity, was universally appreciated; and as his refusal to argue was always courteously worded, no one supposed they had experienced any slight. In other respects, though he did not favour it in his own case, he was not opposed to argumentation in others. Provided, however, they practised the restraints which courtesy enjoined, and avoided ill-natured personalities, he saw no reason why those who were inclined to this play of their wits, should be debarred from the enjoyment. If appealed to as umpire, he stated his convictions with candour, but without the

slightest desire they should be esteemed conclusive. When violence and scurrility manifested themselves, he interfered firmly but calmly, and always in a manner devoid of offence. With a few select friends, indeed, Dr. Masterman, Mr. Power, and we, his children, as he fondly termed Perkins and myself, he had no objection to share in a reasoned discourse, which, however, rarely went the length of formal discussion.

Father Power had ceased to argue. The various traps laid by Messrs. Hughes and WITHERS seldom succeeded in drawing him out. He listened to aspersions, covert and open, on the church of Rome, and her institutions, with silence. A sly hit at auricular confession, the seven sacraments, the authority of tradition, and the power to forgive sins, assumed by the head of that church and his delegates, produced no other than the mild reply of—"Very well, gentlemen, I perceive your drift, but I cannot enter into these questions again. I have but little time before me; and my per-

suasions if erroneous, are too deeply rooted I fear for removal. I long for the certainty, which, with every respect towards you, gentlemen, your observations are not calculated to impart—for that certainty which another world alone can yield. There, I shall gladly cast away the errors which I have been so unfortunate as to contract, and adhere the closer to the truths which I trust I have also been permitted to adopt. The world to come is a tribunal to which you and I, gentlemen, must alike defer. Perhaps, too, it may be found, that with every desire to arrive at certainty, you have not been much more successful than myself. The convictions of a life are not easily laid aside. What we hope may prove true, we are inclined to believe. Buffeted by adversity, assailed by opposition, and reviled, perchance, with invective, we are severally reluctant to relinquish views which have come in a manner to be identified with ourselves. I am tolerably well acquainted with the opinions of others ; I have

calmly examined my own. I wish for certainty—and this the fruitions of eternity alone can adequately impart.”

His opponents were silenced if not convinced. Hughes wore an air of puzzled abstraction. It seemed as if a train of thoughts new and unwonted had flitted unbidden across his startled soul: he had given them no invitation; they came unsought. This gentleman had neither craft nor cunning in his composition; Mr. Withers evinced both; and he hastened to counteract any the least favourable impression that might have been produced on the mind of his colleague.

“All popish artifice and deception,” he uttered, in a whisper that might be heard over half the table. “I do not see that,” mildly observed Mr. Hughes; “his assertions are predicable of one set of views as much as of another.” “Are they predicable of the blessed lights of Calvinism,” it was almost fiercely rejoined in the same under-tone. “This man, this priest, has been unable to meet us in fair, above-

board, discussion; now he seeks by wiles and stratagem to circumvent us." The countenance of Hughes assumed a dark and lowering expression; his habitual hostility manifested itself afresh, and the cause of tolerance and charity was again wounded in his person.

Power was sincerity itself, even to his heart's inmost core. He might be mistaken—nay, in many respects, he was mistaken; his head might go astray, but his heart never. A man more single-minded or unostentatiously benevolent, never went through the daily ritual of a church, that has been adorned by many wise and good men. He deplored its follies, its frailties, its iniquities; but he held fast to that which was just and sublime and true. And the more so that it was in many respects, weak and erring, and defective, would he adhere to support it, would he demonstrate to the world that even a humble member of its hierarchy might be patient, charitable, mild, and devoted to the duties of his calling.

CHAPTER XVIII.

PERKINS' GRAVE.

"There, in the twilight cold and gray,
Lifeless, but beautiful, he lay,
And from the sky serene and far,
A voice fell, like a falling star ;" *Excelsior*.

PERKINS' span was fast drawing to its close : it was clear he soon must die ;—yes, die, and leave his love, his friends, the living world, and all the glories of nature far, far behind. "And was it so, and must he die," again and again, I mentally reiterated ; while my wrung heart refused to abide by the decisions of my under-

standing. "He must in truth die, and as regarded the life of earthly man, be no more. No more should we hear his joyous laughing voice — no more derive instruction from his pregnant remarks, or be melted by the expression of his tender commiseration for every form of human suffering and distress. Perkins' sympathies — note it well, were displayed towards others, not lavished on himself. He did not cultivate thought or feeling, literature, science, or art, as they might affect his own exclusive interests. He was not the idol of his own idolatry. No—a higher and a nobler aim actuated him: he thought, and lived, and felt, precisely as in his conception, it might subserve the welfare of others."

At times, he rallied to a surprising extent, when the cheerfulness of his remarks, and the dear sweet expression of his countenance, could not but serve in part to dissipate the mortal disquietude which we experienced on his behalf. Indeed, I feel assured that he exerted

himself the more on this account ; and though he would never own it, the efforts which he made, and the light-heartedness which he displayed, were mainly intended to lessen our regrets and diminish our uneasiness. Tender and compassionate, he was by habit and constitution, of a buoyant temperament. Nevertheless, what from difficulty of breathing, what from almost total extinction of voice, he was sometimes so sadly weakened and exhausted, that I was oftener than once, obliged to intreat him to pause.

He never however, wholly intermitted his remarks, a few hours' rest, and he resumed them as before. Always original, often profound, there was a tone of sentiment running through the matter as well as displayed in the manner, that rendered them truly delightful. They touched now on this, now on that ; but they were always characterized by a sweet serenity and clearness of conception which contrasted with Perkins' decreasing strength, strongly bespoke

the perpetuation and permanency of the mental and moral powers, amid the progressive exhaustion and decay of the physical.

“How beautiful,” he said, “are flowers—how sweet—how heavenly their odour? Nothing short of Omnipotence could have consummated such perfection—such fragrance. Consider,” he continued, “the excessive richness and variety of the latter in the rose, the vervain, the tuberose, the carnation, the violet, the wall-flower, the geranium, mignonette, lavender, sweet-briar, cowslip, sweet pea, and very many others. I cannot think the charming sensations which they impart, the exclusive prerogative of earth. I cannot help thinking when life is gone, that they will accompany us hereafter; and that our favourite flowers shall flourish in paradise with a bloom that never fades and a perfume that never experiences decay. The flowers of earth are but prototypes of sweeter and fairer flowers in Heaven. Surely, what has been conceived in spirit, may be per-

petuated in spirit! Is it not a truth, that different sensations, if we trace them to their source, are but mental perceptions after all; and doubtless, reproducible hereafter, subordinate to laws which we may imagine, but cannot venture to explain? Would it not, indeed, be a happiness to retrace at will, the pleasant scenes and reminiscences of earth, as well as to recal the precious lineaments of those with whom we would willingly never part? As it is, do we not often, vividly reproduce what we have felt and experienced before; and does it not seem probable that this and other powers, are capable of endlessly progressive development? How accurately, for example, are not the features of some dear friend rendered, till they stand out before us, in almost living reality? The painter, as is well known, can replace with almost perfect fidelity, the colours, relative distances, and proportions of scenes that are no longer before him. And I would still buoy myself up with the hope,

which I trust may not prove delusive and vain, that the fragrance of my favourite flowers shall cheer me hereafter as here.

At other times, his thoughts would take a different turn, and he would converse on the evils which beset our miserable social condition, and among others, those to which the sex were exposed. "Men," he said, "could fight their own battles; women on the contrary, are exposed to a thousand evils for which too often, there is neither remedy nor redress. To seduction, personal injury, brutal ill-treatment, loathsome disease, privation of fortune and of adequate legal protection, are they not severally liable? Nature has imposed burthens heavy and inevitable; but society creates others neither necessary nor desirable. The great majority of remunerating occupations are closed against them; and were it otherwise, their studied inferior education would disqualify them from filling such. All women unfortunately, cannot hold the relations of wives

and mothers ; the artificial disproportion of the sexes, were there no other obstacle, renders this impossible. A young creature leaving her father's roof, or rendered destitute by the decrease of relations, knows hardly where to turn. She may become a servant if she pleases—go behind a counter—or if her aspirations rise higher, turn governess at a salary that perhaps hardly suffices to purchase clothes ; and too often, without the consideration or the comforts that her age, her sex, or her station demands. Is she young—innocent—handsome—accomplished, to what further mischances is she not exposed ? A poor girl, tender, helpless, thus circumstanced, were often almost better dead than encounter evils at once numerous, remediless. Sufficiently, nay, painfully aware of the acquired mental superiority of the opposite sex, she naturally has too often recourse to the weapons, artifice and deception, namely, of the feeble and oppressed. Even in a position comparatively favourable, to how

many trials, cares, and sorrows is she not exposed—alas, for the lot of woman!

Like the last throes of the candle in the socket when about to quiver and expire, our conversation only became the more delightful and attractive, when it was about to terminate for ever. There was, indeed, no exaggeration in saying that Perkins' mind and feelings became more and more sublimated towards the final and inevitable close. Still, such was the angelic sweetness of his disposition, there was no querulousness—no complainings—no repinings. "All," he said, must die. I, too, humble unit that I am, must undergo the common lot of humanity. The smiling infant, the vigorous adult; son and sire, must alike obey the final behest—the last sad summons. Yet not entirely sad, for we shall meet again; ah, we shall meet again! Yes, sing the glad song on harps with golden cords, proclaim it with clarion voice on high, till the vault of heaven ring with the joyful sound; we shall

meet in heaven again." Here, he rose in bed, and extended his spent arms with fervour; while, as his dear eyes burned with unusual lustre; he seemed like one inspired to pronounce on the secrets of the grave.

Still, there was a subject which hung heavy on his mind; one, the uneasiness from which he could neither dissimulate nor suppress. Need I allude to the topic; there could be but one; it was the young—the sweet—the interesting Ellen Fanshawe. To no ear, however, was it breathed save mine. "I have no unhappiness, Charles," he exclaimed, "save this: O, forgive the thought, I think it would almost console me did she accompany me. Believe me it is no unworthy motive that prompts this declaration. Did I suppose Ellen could be happy in the world which I am about to leave, so far from repining I should rejoice. But how is this possible—her heart, I know, I feel it, is wrapt up in mine to its inmost core? She could not—she cannot be happy without me. No fabled

creation—no Psyche, was ever half so beautiful, even in conception, as this darling girl. Yes, he added with proud enthusiasm, I have created her—she is mine ! Who, like her, sympathizes with me in all my views, with a refinement and a delicacy too, that place her on a level with earth's most favoured daughters ? She is beautiful ; she is pure, oh, she is mine ! Have I not developed the nascent thought, the half-formed feeling ; no poet's dream was ever half so sweet, so fair. It is only of late, that I have attained to a full conception of the priceless treasure. Were it open to you to read these letters," and here he drew a packet from under his pillow, it would more than convince you of my assertions : but I have sworn to disclose the revelations of her secret heart to none, not even to you. Such exquisite propriety of expression ; such elevated sentiment ; such unaffected grace of thought and diction, all the better for being untrammelled by mere conventions of rank or station ; it is almost an

emanation from a higher and better world. I sent her books, she procured others, and in study she has almost surpassed, such was her desire to improve, my own zealous ardour. Sweet, unequalled, darling creature, exalted being, and yet throughout, a very woman ; would that thou wert here, that I might clasp thee once more to my heart, and pour into thy ear the full confession of my affection ere I die ! Swear to me, Charles, that you will protect her when I am gone, be to her as a brother ; take her under your roof ; but I have sad forebodings." I more than answered his request ; he thanked me with a grateful smile, and now sunk exhausted on his pillow. " I have only further," he said to ask, " let these letters lie on my breast when I am gone. They will moulder with the bosom that bears them ; and the fragments will incorporate themselves with the remains of that heart with whose affections and passions their contents are so closely linked."

" Now sit close beside me, Charles ; you have

been a good and a dear friend to me. Ever since that bright day when you rescued me from the tyrant of the school, have you been the object of my unfaltering love and devotion. Yes, Charles, if it be possible, I shall hover over you as a guardian spirit for the remainder of your days ; I shall be nigh the bed of sickness and of death, and give you a warm reception in the realms of immortality."

I could bear no more, but raised my hand in token of entreaty. I could not speak, for my utterance was choked ; and the mighty emotions that struggled within, were not to be controlled.

"O ! Edward, Edward," I at length exclaimed, "companion, brother, friend, must I part from you, must I indeed lose you ?" Here I gave unrestrained expression to my grief. At length, my feelings having had full vent, were somewhat assuaged ; I became capable of self-control, the more so as my sorrow could only grieve him whose last days I would not further

embitter. He even helped to turn the conversation himself, and by easy gradations led me to other topics ; so that in a short half hour, we were again talking and laughing. Such are the feelings of the young, now it is sunshine, now shower.

In the course of the same day, my uncle put a few lines into my hand ; they were from Mrs. Fanshawe, to the effect that they had heard, herself and daughter, with extreme regret, of Mr. Perkins' progressive indisposition, and that Ellen, through her, solicited permission to stay with, and nurse him in his illness. The letter enclosed another for Perkins, which I myself handed to him.

"There can be but one answer," said my uncle, "to this request so moderately put ; let the carriage then be got in readiness, and sent at once for Miss Fanshawe ; it will be a comfort to the poor youth to have her beside him. Mrs. Handiside will see that the necessary arrangements are made for her reception."

I communicated every thing to my friend. It was all, he said, that he could wish ; his satisfaction was now complete. The request was one which he could hardly have preferred himself. "You may at least," he said, "peruse this letter ; she has not prohibited that." It began :—

"Dearest Edward, my mother, at my request, addressed Mr. Thornley for permission to let me come and watch beside you, and nurse you. You will not deny your Ellen this favour? Ah ! if you knew the long days of anguish—sad and weary, that I have experienced since you grew ill ; but I must not tell this, for it would only distress you to hear. Good, kind Mr. Thornley I know will not refuse me. Then, I shall sit beside you, and smooth your pillow, and kiss your dear forehead ; and if there be any nauseous drugs, shall taste ere we suffer you to swallow them.

"Edward—dearest Edward, I dared not go to see you, although God knows how much I

wished it. Something told me it would not be right ; but now there will be no difficulty ; I shall not only see you, but be with you, and stay with you and beside you. Day after day, and sometimes by night too, Edward, I have climbed the eminence to the east that commands a view of the apartment which you told me was yours. And I have watched that apartment, and looked at the taper which burned in the window, till its feeble light was extinguished by that of the broader day. Then I have lain down upon the sward, and wept to be beside you, ere my return. I can no more ; my mother waits, and so, sweetest Edward, farewell."

I watched her arrival myself. No one almost, could have recognized in the graceful, modest, yet perfectly self-possessed and elegant girl, who approached in the conveyance to which her right was better than that of many a titled dame, the bashful timid creature of former days. She was attired as usual, in

white—emblem of her stainless purity ; her hair rolled in ringlets down her marble neck, hardly restrained by the ribbons of her rustic hat. As she looked meaningful into my face, the tears brimmed up into her tender eyes. Her former light and joyous aspect was almost gone ; pale, anxious, thoughtful, an intellectual expression was superadded to a beauty, that only needed this to render it perfect—almost unapproachable.

I took her hand, and led her, without a word on either side, to the door of Perkins' room : she entered and I retired. I could hear as I went away, one long-drawn sob, almost amounting to a wail, then all was still. I did not like to intrude ; and, indeed, it was not till Perkins' bell rang long after, that I ventured to return. By this time, Ellen's hat and gloves were taken off ; she was seated beside his couch ; but tears had left their traces on cheeks that now welcomed me with a smile. She had already begun the self-imposed office of a nurse. Softly and

evenly, her light foot trod the floor, as she advanced or receded, to procure the little matters of which the devoted being before her was in need, or of which she fancied he was so. The sweet-smelling flowers which she placed in his hands—the perfumed kerchief, the essence with which she bedewed his temples—the draught or the mouthful of light nourishment, was brought or taken away with a readiness which long practice could hardly have conferred on another, and which, in her, left nothing to desire. At meal-times, she descended, because it was her Edward’s wish; and at night, she reposed in a couch which had been prepared in Mrs. Handiside’s chamber, and which she occupied in preference to an apartment by herself.

My uncle became deeply interested in her; indeed, there was no one who would not have been so by her earnest, wrapt-up, artless, and most winning demeanour. “How did it happen,” he said, “that he did not know her before, or that she had not sooner been brought among

us? Had she been his daughter, he could hardly have evinced a more tender regard. The darling child," he said, "was more like an angel from heaven, than anything earthly. She would, indeed, have proved a fitting wife for Edward Perkins, as he would have been a husband for her. All were struck with the marvellous similarity that, in so many respects, subsisted between them; it was felt and acknowledged, that each could only have been a mate for the other."

Ellen Fanshawe, in a manner, superseded almost all other attendance. The sick youth followed her every motion with his eyes: it was plain he cared for nothing save from her hands. Mrs. Handiside had been and was extremely attentive; but there was now little for her to do. At times, Ellen read to her Edward out of those authors which he preferred. Long favourite passages were marked off by brackets and stars: it was easy to know where to select. Oftener, however, they conversed in low, sweet,

and earnest tones. Ellen's accents were as those of the soft and tuneful lyre: anything more rich and pleasant than that melodious voice—now alas, for ever still and silent—there could not, there might not be.

I often came in and took a chair at the foot or side of the bed opposite that on which Ellen sat. Her place I never invaded; indeed she rarely left it, unless immediately to return. Occasionally, I filled a corner of the sofa, now drawn before the fire of Perkins' sitting-room; he himself, occupying the middle, and Ellen the other extremity. Commonly a sweet look was directed towards me in acknowledgment of my arrival; but if engaged in conversation, they did not interrupt it; they either disregarded my presence or forgot it altogether.

One evening the lovers had communed long and earnestly together. I stole in, apparently unperceived, and seated myself, as was my wont, at the foot of the bed. There I remained—sometimes looking at Perkins' wasted fea-

tures, and sometimes commiserating the blooming, beautiful creature beside him that so soon was to be left desolate and alone. Their voices had sunk almost to a whisper, low but perfectly distinct; every word was audible. There hardly needed, indeed, to have been any reserve with me. They both regarded me as a brother, and a friend; and, in very deed and truth, I was so. At times, she bent over him as if to listen to his words, and her mouth would touch now his pale worn forehead, now his half-parted lips. And again, I could hear his soft sweet voice—"I should have married thee, Ellen, had I lived, and thou wouldst have been all my own; but if spirits marry in heaven, —Ellen, I shall marry thee there. I plight thee afresh my faith Ellen, and with this ring," placing a diamond hoop on her finger. A burning blush shot for a moment across the young girl's face—then a paleness like the monumental stone, followed by an expression of sorrow, grief, and woe, the like of which may I

never see again. She hid her face in his breast—the long hair streamed across her shoulders, and the poor, long-suffering darling wept. I could bear it no longer, and escaped, apparently unnoticed as I had entered, from the chamber.

Father Power had not discontinued his visits; but since Ellen's arrival, he had come less frequently than formerly, justly concluding that she replaced every other person. The good Father, however, loved his young friend too well, to absent himself altogether; nor in truth, would Perkins have been satisfied if he had done so. Other well-wishers also, some of whom asked to see Mr. Perkins, called occasionally. Among these, were Dr. Masterman; also Messrs. Hughes and Withers. I was not in when the latter arrived; but I came in almost immediately after, and, as they had taken the direction of Perkins' apartment, followed them there. The thick carpeting on the oaken stairs, probably prevented my steps from being audible.

At any rate, I could overhear Mr. Withers announce his intention to inquire into my friend's spiritual welfare. To this however, Mr. Hughes, with more consideration than I had anticipated, was opposed. "He does not avow our tenets," he observed, "nor does he solicit our ministry; why then thrust it upon him? He has never made any demonstration that calls for a degree of interference that, unless solicited, ought not, in my estimation, to be attempted." I had now overtaken, and at their desire, led them to my friend's apartment.

Mr. Hughes' demeanour was in every respect becoming; as for his colleague, Miss Fanshawe's personal charms seemed to offer quite as great an attraction as the desire to supply the spiritual necessities of her betrothed. He was astounded at her unexpected presence, and could not turn attention to the object of his visit. The poor girl, unaccustomed to be stared at, rose and left the apartment; while Mr. Hughes reddening with vexation, whispered

oud enough to be heard—"Withers have you no shame?" Thus accosted, he roused himself, and turning to Perkins observed in a tone intended for solemnity—"Sir, as a friend of the family, I have called to speak to you relative to the frame of mind with which you are prepared to set out the last awful journey now before you."

"Sir," replied the individual thus addressed, "I thank you for your well-meant courtesy; the subject to which you have adverted is one on which I have earnestly meditated for several years; and I have arrived at certain conclusions, the accuracy or inaccuracy of which a very short period will now suffice to determine. I can assure you that I have done my best to arrive at truth; I have entreated my Maker on bended knees, and prayed him to enlighten me. Every means open to erring man, have I embraced; now, I have neither the strength, nor perchance the time for discussing topics on which it is more than probable we might not

agree. I can only rest on the mercies of my Creator, and on them do I wholly rely."

Mr. Withers was robust and vigorous; a stentorian voice and vast emphasis of manner, supplied, or were intended to supply, every other deficiency. He was beginning afresh with increasing confidence, when Perkins looked at me with imploring eye. I instantly interposed.

"Since it is clear, dear sir, that my friend is desirous of the rest and quiet so necessary in his present weak condition; and since he declines the conference which you so kindly propose, I conceive that it is only proper to comply with his implied request." Even this perhaps, would not have sufficed, but Mr. Hughes took his arm, and they severally retreated from the sick youth's presence.

"I trust, dear Thornley," Perkins now observed, "that I may remain free from a similar intrusion. The man's motives are doubtless good; but there are spiritual attainments as much beyond his power to grasp, as

thank God, they are from mine to part with." This said, the only thing bearing direct reference to himself which I ever heard Perkins utter, and which assuredly, the occasion warranted, he resumed his usual serene and gentle demeanour. Ellen, sweet Ellen now entered, and his satisfaction was complete.

"That queer gentleman looked at me so, and spoke so strangely," the poor scared bird remarked, "that I was almost inclined to cry; I only hope that he did not annoy you."

"No, no dear Nelly, it was only a considerate friend that desired to lead me a shorter route to heaven."

"You shall go with me, Edward," she exclaimed.

"Yes, with you—with you my Ellen;" and here their eyes met, and looks of dearest import were exchanged, and anon, kisses and joyful tears.

At dinner our conversation turned on the occurrences of the day. My uncle, kind and

considerate to all men, excused Mr. Withers. "Consider," said he, "his education, his profession. Brought up under one dominant impression, one ruling idea, everything else becomes of minor importance; and to the propagation of his particular views, by whatever available means, all other considerations are made to bend. Mr. Withers is a priest, but he is a man; and as such, deserving of our consideration and respect. The errors of his life and conduct, therefore, so far as he is chargeable with any, should be palliated and excused."

I admitted my uncle's general position, but was inclined to hesitate as to its particular application. The bed of sickness and of death was hardly a place for the infliction of polemical debate. Instruction, when solicited, should be given, but what good end could it serve to thrust it down unsought? In this instance however, it might safely be questioned whether Mr. Withers was competent to yield instruction to Mr. Perkins. The latter was a man of

ardent feeling and deep research ; but in what respect did the former evince either ? I was perhaps biassed by my partiality ; certainly, if I sought for information on spiritual subjects, I knew where I should go. It had been a conviction growing with my years and increasing with my strength, that when a man humbly and zealously seeks the truth, God will pardon him, even if he should lapse into error. Arrogance and assumption surely yield no support to the views of those whom they actuate ; but rather furnish a presumption that such have fallen short of their mark and gone astray.

Day by day, the work of destruction gradually went on ; and it was plain to all that Perkins' brief career would ere long be at an end. His sweetness and equanimity never once deserted him ; but his strength had been so much impaired, that he could not speak long continuously, or even raise his voice much above a whisper, without an effort. Ellen never left his side ; and without her assiduous care and atten-

tion, I do not think he would even have survived so long. She redoubled, were that indeed possible, her care and attention, the nearer the dear object of both was approaching the term in which either could no longer prove of any avail. The look of solicitude never left her brow, save when Perkins addressed or directed his eyes towards her, when her countenance would forthwith become irradiated with a smile. Her serious and engrossing occupation had imparted a solemnity to her features that made her seem older than she was. To this, sorrow and suffering, watching and care, had doubtless, contributed their share.

But it would not all do. The time was come when human care and human affection could no longer avail. Edward Perkins was about to die! On the morning of the eleventh of June, 1744, he was apparently much better, his strength, renovated; his spirits, cheery. Again, but it was for the last time, those about him indulged in the delusive hope that amendment,

perchance recovery, was in store. He drank a little coffee and ate a crust with pleasure.

"How beautiful," he said, "is this glorious June; how sweetly do the dear birds carol their morning hymn to God. Ah, my friends, how good you have all been to me; and you, Ellen, my angel, what have you not done for me?" He essayed to kiss her hand; she smiled, but hope had left her heart. The sure, but tearful instinct of her woman's nature, told her that he should soon be no more! "Kiss me, dear," he whispered to her; "a strange sort of sensation is creeping over me; I cannot see very well, but I can feel your dear caresses, and hear all your pleasant voices." Now he rallied a little, and spoke tranquilly to those around.

It so happened that we were all present, myself of course; my uncle, who said he would stay, by the dear boy to the close; Father Power, and subsequently, unsought, unasked, Messrs Hughes and Withers. The profession of the

three last, had brought them too much in contact with expiring nature not to be aware that the last moments of another child of mortality were at hand. There was a momentary pause, which was suddenly broken in upon by the harsh accents of Wither's voice.

"I now," he exclaimed, addressing Perkins, "call upon you for the last time, to declare your belief,—to"—Here the languid eyes of the dying man suddenly gleamed with unwonted fire; he raised his arm, he essayed to speak; but his emotion, or the weakness of the moment, forbade. But now another advocate stood forward; and in accents thrilling, majestic, overwhelming, his mantle cast back, his arm extended, so as to command attention, thus began:

"Away vain mockery—insult not the dying with hollow formularies—his faith is right whose life is blameless. And, oh, my child—my son," he said, stretching his arms over Perkins as he lay—"friend of my bosom, thou

good and faithful youth, be of good cheer, take comfort along with thee; thou art about to share the fellowship of the wise and good of every clime, as well as that of the immortal angels not purer or better than thou."

Perkins lay wrapt in mute attention, so that those present, thought the spirit had already fled. All sounds were hushed; even Ellen's sobs were stilled. The father stood his position unchanged, fixed, solemn, mute, his features marked by deep regret and tender commiseration. Now, tears began to course down his grief-worn cheeks; and he was about to utter the well-known benediction, when all at once, the dying youth rallied; his expiring strength seemed concentrated in the effort. He half rose in bed, and in words distinct and forcible as I ever heard him utter, exclaimed: "Now may the blessing of the Almighty rest upon you: I die happy. Farewell, Ellen—farewell each—farewell all: ah, farewell, farewell."

And this said, he fell back upon his couch, and spoke no more.

Yes, there he lay, Perkins the loved—the wise—the tender—the gentle—the good, was no more! The struggle had passed; the battle was fought and won, and now Perkins ranked for ever with the bright intelligences of eternity. We could claim no more—not even Ellen herself, could claim any more of him. No sigh, no groan, marked his transition: he sank down quietly as it were to sleep, and as if in the fond arms of her whose whole soul was centred in him. The pangs of death, if indeed, as regarded the body, he experienced any, had passed away, and left his sweet features, calm, tranquil, unruffled.

“He is indeed, a spectacle to look at with love and sympathy,” said my good uncle, as his lips quivered and the tears fell fast from his eyes. “And what of the rest, what of Ellen, the beloved one?” Father Power and Mr. Hughes both knelt beside the bed, praying ear-

nestly, it could not be doubted, for the soul of the dead. Mr. Withers looked soured and disappointed, but not wholly unimpressed with the solemnity of the scene. As for Ellen, she lay with her faithful bosom half over the side of the bed—her arms clasped round Perkins' neck, now for the first time, and for ever, insensible to her caresses; her face and mouth rested on his pale cheek. She too was insensible; would that she had gone with him; the spotless snow was not fairer than her bloodless temples.

With the house-keeper's assistance, we detached the long pale fingers of the poor unconscious girl from her now unwitting grasp, and conveyed her to the couch. She was long insensible; and when she recovered, her first effort, with difficulty restrained, was to rush back to the place which she had so long occupied. She shed no tears; she neither wept, nor sighed, nor wailed with woman's wail; her grief

was too deep for tears. Some exclusive idea appeared to have taken possession of her ; what it was, no one might divine. To all our intreaties, expostulations, comfortings, she made but the one reply—"He is gone." She ate nothing. and apparently slept not ; she seemed as if determined to die. Still we hoped that time and youth would bring their usual palliatives ; but if so, to what purpose ? He to whom she could alone unite herself, was no more. In the still hour of the night, those who watched might see her kneeling and praying by Perkins' side. Her white robes and pale countenance shone with a lustrous splendour in the light of that mourning chamber. She was like an angel from another sphere come to mourn over the departed. Night after night, I sat by the remains of my friend ; sometimes tired nature would relax, and when my eyes opened again, they would light afresh on the ethereal form of Ellen Fanshawe. She never resisted the house-keeper's entreaties

to return to her apartment, but when that good woman, overcome by fatigue, had sunk into a slumber, poor Ellen would return and resume her prayer by the dead.

On the fourth day, he was borne to his grave. The tenants of the estate, and the friends of the family were present; for most were acquainted with Perkins, and all who knew loved him. His body was deposited in the earth; the rattling clods filled up the vacant space—and soon the vivid recollection of his worth, with my eternal love and friendship, were all that remained to me of Edward Perkins.

Prior to the procession setting out, Father Power, partly of his own accord and partly at my uncle's request, made a few observations relative to the merits of the departed. He commented on his many virtues, his charitable disposition, his love of knowledge, his humility, his candour—in fine, his many christian excel-

lencies. "If there be any among you," he said, "who would study the character of a human being as near perfection as it is perhaps possible in an imperfect world to approach, let them study his. He has gone to a sphere where his virtues will be better appreciated, and to a scene more worthy of his deserts. This body, through the providence of the Deity, must experience decay, yet his mind shall experience none, but shall grow brighter, and fairer, and purer, throughout the long course of eternity. Let the sorrowing friends whom he leaves behind—let them emulate his good qualities, and thus may they safely calculate on rejoining him in another and more permanent world—a world where pain does not harass nor disease destroy. After all, why should we regret his departure ; he is gone to a better place where sorrow and suffering shall assail him no more—a place where his keen inquiring mind shall have ample scope in solving problems for which there is no

solution here. There—dear friends, the inimitable sweetness of his disposition, the temper which nothing could ruffle, and the purity which nothing could assail, shall experience ample reward because ample scope for their exercise. But who shall comfort the bereft one who was to have shared his lot—who shall fill his place ”—

Here, the good Father was interrupted by a convulsed sob. He turned in the direction, and with tenderest accents exclaimed—“Ah, may God pity, may God relieve you.”

Ellen had left her apartment unperceived, and had been present during Father Power's remarks. Ere the receptacle for the dead however, could be removed, the devoted girl rushed forward, and with a strength that no one could, or at least would resist, clasped the coffin in her arms. Every one was melted into tears. Again, unconsciousness came happily to her aid ; when I raised and bore her carefully

away. Embracing the opportunity which this heart-rending incident afforded, the procession moved on ; and ere Ellen had well revived, the remains of her Edward were reposing in the grave.

CHAPTER XIX.

ELLEN FANSHAWE'S END.

" De ta tige détachée,
Pauvre feuille desséchée,
Où va tu? Je n'en sais rien:
L' orage a brisé le chêne
Qui seul était son soutien.
De son inconstante haleine
Le zéphyr ou l' aquilon,
Depuis ce jour me promène
De la forêt à la plaine,
De la montagne au valon ;
Je vais ou le vent me mène
Sans me plaindre ou m' effrayer ;
Je vais ou va toute chose,
Où va la feuille de rose,
Et la feuille du laurier."

AFTER the occurrences already related had taken place, Ellen Fanshawe grew seriously

unwell; her countenance pale as death, at intervals became flushed as scarlet, and her breathing laboured and heavy. It almost appeared that she dissembled her sufferings, for when asked if she felt pain, she replied that she experienced none. A sort of heavenly resignation seemed to have come over her; and when the good Dr. Masterman called to offer consolation and inculcate submission, he found her apparently both resigned and comforted.

"Dear Mr. Thornley," she said to me, "I have but one unhappiness, and that is leaving my poor mother; but she is older and of stouter heart than I am, and the Almighty will comfort her; I cannot survive my Edward. From an ignorant but innocent rustic he made me what I am; and when I had become able to love him and to appreciate the infinite excellencies of his character, O God, I lose him! But, I cannot—I feel I cannot survive him; the struggle is too mighty for this enfeebled frame. I look on death, not with fear, but with hope, and long-

ing, and joy ; as a thing that will restore me to my Edward for ever. I shall be as a sister and ceaseless companion to him throughout eternity. Oh, my poor, poor mother — but I know you will take care of her. And now I have but one favour, one last request, to ask of you—and as you loved my Edward, I beseech you to grant it me !” I assured her that she could ask nothing at my hands, that I should not be more than willing to execute. Here, she looked with such a look of tearful gratitude into my eyes, that I can forget it never more. “It is,” she said, “that you would lay me beside him when I am gone. It will be easy to dig the grave afresh ; for the mould will not be gathered, nor the grass grown green, till it shall be opened for me.” Her a sweet smile irradiated a countenance which, flushed as it was with the hectic of disease, appeared to me the most exalted consummation of womanly loveliness that I had ever beheld. All care and sorrow seemed to have departed :

she was indeed, as a rejoicing bride who hopes soon to be united, to part no more, with the chosen of her heart.

A feeling of deep commiseration, to which I could give neither name nor utterance, came over me. Even Perkins' death affected me less than did this new choking, agonizing sensation at the spectacle of the destruction of so much excellence, such devoted affection, such exalted purity. The flower, indeed, was broken on its stalk; the stem to which it was attached had failed, and it was about to wither and decay. I besought, I intreated her to live—for the sake of him whom she had loved, for her mother's sake, for mine, to whom her lost one was as a brother.

"It cannot, may not be," she solemnly rejoined. "Feel this fevered hand, and say if life can long subsist along with that burning glow? Soon, I shall rejoin my Edward, and I rejoice to think it: I shall never see another moon! I gazed in the pride and innocence of

my heart, on the varied tokens of his affection. I thought how good, how fond, how devoted I should prove, how I should love him. Ah, I was too proud—too happy, and now he is gone!”

Here, a burst of tears, the first I had seen her shed, came to her relief. Long and passionate was that agony, but at length it subsided, and left her tranquil as before. But I knew there was a smouldering fire within, which tears could not quench, nor time destroy. Her love for Perkins was the first and only vivid emotion that had ever touched her virgin heart. It had taken entire possession of her; and would, I was well persuaded, endure with her existence. Love never accomplished a more wonderful revolution in the human soul; from a condition of unwitting but innocent childhood, was Ellen Fanshawe converted into a being resplendent with intellect, feeling, passion; ah, it was too much to lose two such gems of earth together.

Little as I knew of disease, I felt assured that she was preyed on by some serious malady which alone would soon conduct her to the tomb. I blamed my supineness, my neglect. Alas! I knew not the causes which had been at work; or had I known, would probably, have been unable to stay their effects.

I hastened to send for the family physician, the same experienced and estimable individual who had attended Edward Perkins. He was greatly shocked at the change which he witnessed.

"Why," said he, "this young lady has been labouring under a peripneumony for several days. What could possibly have induced such a complaint at this mild season of the year: Oh, why was I not sent for sooner?" Here a sudden thought seemed to strike him, for he smote his forehead with his hand, and exclaimed:—

"All my resources shall be called into opera-

tion to save her: I fear it is too late to let blood, but there are other potent remedies."

The worthy practitioner, after dispatching his daily business, came, and spent his nights at the hall; reposing on a couch, and visiting his patient at intervals through the night.

In no long time, delirium set in, and the pent-up emotions of poor Ellen's heart, distracted and confused, indeed, now found free utterance from her tongue. It was heart-rending to sit by and listen to her incoherent, yet at times, most beautiful and eloquent discourse. In all his experience, the physician had never met such another case.

"Where have you taken him to—my Edward, so kind, so true? Ah, do not lay him in that deep grave; it is cold, cold! Sure, I love you, Edward; ah, you know it, and yet, you have gone and left me. No, no, they tore you from my arms that ever should have enfolded you; they have put you in your coffin; they have laid you in the damp, dark grave."

And then she would weep and cry, to melt the very stone ; but anon, would brighten up and exclaim : " Ah, I knew you would come, yet why so pale and solemn—wherefore that white attire ? No, you are not my Edward—go ! Ah, you only did it to frighten me—your Ellen : it was wicked to make me think you were dead. Now, you won't do it again—you won't ? " Then she smiled, and gave one of those little half laughs ; and her voice assumed the tenderness which woman's voice alone can render ; and she would exclaim ; " Now, dearest mother, make haste, Edward has sent—he is coming ! Gather flowers—lay fruit and cream : ah, Edward, we are so glad. " And then her lips parted, and her arms were extended as if to embrace the phantasm of her brain. Sometimes she turned to the afflicted parent, who sat by her side ; " Naughty mother, to weep, when Edward — my Edward comes. "

Occasionally, a sense of her situation seemed

to dawn upon her bewildered faculties, and she would look around and ask—"Where am I—surely I have had a dream?" These lucid intervals, however, grew shorter and shorter, and her wanderings became even more confused and incoherent than before. Once only, did she afterwards rally, and then it was to utter a prayer, in a tone so soft, so touching, so imploring, that it saddened us afresh to tears.

"Oh, my God, my Father in heaven, thou would'st not take away my Edward—my own, own Edward? What had he done, or have I, that I should be thus bereft? Ah, spare him to me, and I shall be good, very good. I shall thank thee, Oh, my God, on bended knees—morning and eve I shall thank thee, if thou dost only restore him to these longing arms;" Here, she rose in her bed, clasped her waned hands, and gazed upwards, in an agony of intreaty, while the big drops rolled down her cheeks. What she might have further said,

was inaudible. Soon after, she grew more composed, and lay down. Here the physician administered a powerful opiate. "Take this, my darling," he said, "it will bring sweet sleep." "And shall I wake in heaven," she exclaimed, with an enchanting smile—"and with my Edward?" Then, she began to sing a little song, such as mothers lull their children with: and at length she slept.

"Poor sufferer," said the feeling physician, while the tear drops stood in his eyes; "gladly would I forego all the honours and emoluments of my profession, to place thee and thy Edward, alive and well again, to run the race side by side, on the green, sunny hill of life."

"This sleep," continued the practitioner, "will be the turning point of the complaint; it may prove the precursor of its cessation; but if not, the trying scene must soon come to a close. Let the room be kept quiet and still: as for myself, I shall try to obtain a little repose; and you who have watched so

long and so well, I advise you to do the same."

His commands were obeyed to the letter; even the poor mother was persuaded to lie down; every one, a careful nurse excepted, retired, and a silence as of the grave—for all the servants were interested for sweet Miss Fanshawe—was maintained through the house.

Grey morning now dawned; each one had rested and was refreshed: the poor sufferer too, as the report went, had never moved or spoken.

"Ah," said the good physician, rubbing his hands, "this, indeed, is cheering; who knows but that we shall find her very much better." The poor mother had resumed her post, and soon, all was still as before. Suddenly a shriek from Mrs. Fanshawe, burst on our startled ears. "She is dead," we exclaimed, and hurried to the room. It was not so—at least, there was no evidence of this catastrophe. The

bed was empty and cold—the patient had departed; but whither—when?

A terrible presentiment darted into my mind; I instantly ordered my horse and giving directions that the carriage should promptly follow, rode off to the village church-yard. I did not spare the animal, who fresh from the stable, proceeded vigorously in the direction which I had taken. In less time than I can relate, I arrived at my destination; and fastening my panting steed to the gate, crossed with hurried steps, the stile which yielded admission to wayfarers. My worst anticipations were realized—there, lifeless, cold, lay Ellen Fanshawe stretched on Edward Perkins' grave! Her arms were extended on each side the grassy mound as if in the act of embracing it—her sweet face prone on the turf—her dishevelled tresses dank with the fallen dew, were scattered over her shoulders and the ground.

I raised her up as I knelt beside her. "Ellen! Ellen!" I exclaimed with anguish; but those

sweet lips were for ever mute—that gentle voice replied no more! She was dead—yes, it was even so; she was dead and gone! She had yielded the last proof of her devotion and her constancy on the resting-place of him she had loved so well. Her eyes were still open, nor had their living lustre wholly ceased; her lips were parted as if with a smile; and as for that poor stricken bosom, not yet cold, it was wet with the moisture of the grave.

Unperceived, unnoticed, she had crept out of bed—had threaded the park—opened the postern door—alone and unattended had reached that humble grave-yard, there to lay her down and die. Exertions almost superhuman, alone could have brought her through; and her task accomplished, she had fallen as it were asleep, with a smile!

I confess the spectacle of this double bereavement, and the sad issue of such unparalleled devotion, was more than I could bear, and I sunk down almost unconscious beside

poor Ellen's corse. Our people, in the haze of the morning, had taken a false direction ; and the neighing of my horse, which had been fastened to the gate, on their return, first roused me from my trance.

The still precious burthen was carefully transferred to the carriage, and thence to the Hall. I received, and bore her in my arms ; and for the first and last time, that head, now chilled and cold, reposed on my bosom. I even stayed the rapid motion of the vehicle, lest—bootless precaution, it might hurt the lifeless remains.

There was but one expression of sorrow and regret when the hapless innocent was reconveyed to her apartment. The women sobbed as if their hearts would break. Even the sturdy hinds could be seen dashing away the tears, which, in spite of their efforts, welled up from their softened hearts. True love like hers, appealed at once, to every human sympathy ; and cold would have been the bosom,

seared the breast, which could have witnessed such a sacrifice unmoved.

It now appeared that night after night, Miss Fanshawe had visited the grave of her betrothed, returning ere the dawn; and that it was on these excursions, exposed to the damp dews and chill night air, she contracted the disease which hastened her decline. The postern key she had obtained from Edward Perkins during his last illness. He had occasionally succeeded in persuading her to walk; and as a further inducement, tendered the means of proceeding beyond the bounds. Some of the ignorant peasants, earlier than usual at work, now acknowledged that they had seen a figure arrayed in white, moving solemnly and slow from the direction of the church-yard; and conceiving that it was the inhabitant of another world, had shrunk frightened away from the spot.

For my own part, once my immediate emotions were calmed, I did not feel deeply grieved.

Ellen Fanshawe could mate with no other man ; it was impossible for her to resume the mode of life in which her early days had been spent, and she could be happy in no other. She was removed to a purer and higher sphere. Ere her immaculate corse was cold, her freed and happy spirit had winged its bright course to the regions of everlasting day ; and even while I thought, was serene in happy converse with the chosen of her heart.

Nothing could exceed the exquisite beauty of Ellen Fanshawe's remains. It seemed as if the Divine Artificer, desirous of displaying his power, had endowed them with seraphic loveliness ere they should disappear and be seen no more. One arm was laid across that fair bosom on which my poor friend's head should have rested, and his children imbibed their nourishment ; the other was adjusted by her side. The flowing tresses were still permitted to cluster down her neck and shoulders ; her cheeks were faintly coloured ; and her lips—yes, her lips, were

slightly parted with a smile ! All the bitterness of death had vanished from that sweet fair countenance ; it seemed as if a deep sleep had been prolonged beyond the usual term. Even when laid in her coffin, that angel countenance still smiled 'on ; and oh, was it illusion, those eyes seemed to open, and those lips to part as in a last adieu, ere the covering was laid on which was to shroud her for ever from our view.

I could bear it no longer ; I turned and wept ! Edward Perkins now seemed twice dead ; and in Ellen Fanshawe's departure the link that had most closely bound him to the world was severed. Yes—yes, I was sad even to bitterness ; these peerless samples of humanity were cut off at a blow. I was indeed, thrice bereft —miserable.

Hark, what strains are those, as a low pealing chaunt fell sweetly on my ear ?

“ Our sister has gone—yes, she has gone to

the land of sunny flowers, where, like them, her beauty shall blow for evermore !

“ She was severed from her love ; the clinging vine cannot survive the loss of its support, nor the blooming rose the stalk on which it grew.

“ No, the infant cannot subsist without its mother’s milk, nor the growing grain without the shower ; the tender maiden bereft of the manly heart and the protecting arm, sickens and dies.

“ Yes, she had yielded her virgin heart to one who was ’worthy of her love, and when he was snatched away, she could not survive.

“ O, sisters they will meet again in the land of sunny flowers, where the rose for ever blows, and where love never dies.”

The words and music of this little recitative brought a balm and consolation which I am unable to describe. It seemed as if direct from heaven, and the thrilling voices went straight to

my heart. The young girls of Father Power's congregation, who under his directions, had imbibed no inconsiderable share of taste and skill, desirous of embodying their respect, and the struggling emotions of their innocent breasts, had besought him, not unsuccessfully, for the words and music. There, they stood in white, with garlands in their hands, as they sang each stanza two or three times over, while the tremulous voices of some, and the tears of others, betrayed what they felt. They would not enter for rest or refreshment; and when their simple song was done, departed slowly and silently as they came, till the last wave of their snowy garments disappeared amid the green-wood trees.

Ellen Fanshawe was laid beside her Edward; side by side were the lovers placed, close as they could lie. Oh, had those lifeless remains retained one trace of thought or feeling, then and there would it have been manifested. As

it was, their spirits must have embraced—if spirits can embrace in paradise.

One inscription on the white marble tomb served for both.

“HERE LIE THE REMAINS

OF

EDWARD PERKINS, *aged Twenty-Four,*

AND OF

ELLEN FANSHAWE, *aged Eighteen.*

They loved each other in life,
And in death they were not separated.”

Years after, a red and a white moss rose grew beside the grave; and on each succeeding season, the anniversary of the lovers' deaths,

a profusion of the sunny flowers mingled and clustered together, so that it might have been supposed they were from one and the same tree.

CHAPTER XX.

THE LAST.

"The records of thy name and race
Have faded from the stone,
Yet, through the cloud of years I trace
What thou hast been and done."

So many calamities in such quick succession, were calculated to prey heavily on my mind; and without the society and cheering conversation of my ever-dear uncle, I must have been plunged into the deepest melancholy. His experience was infinitely greater and more varied

than mine ; and he was enabled to draw upon it for unlimited consolation and support.

“The young,” he said, as we sat together one fine afternoon, while the long rays of the evening summer sun illumined with its bright tints the ancient oak furniture, “the young are prone to think their sufferings cureless, immitigable. Hoary time, however, pursues his swift and ceaseless career, till insensibly we become startled at our own placidity. Evils at the bare possibility of which we once shuddered, are looked at with calmness and composure ; and we would even experience them afresh could we thereby regain the once fresh feelings of the past. After all, who would exchange even dire misfortunes for the deadness of soul which views every bereavement with indifference, which sleeps never the less, eats and drinks never the less ? So, dear son of my adoption, every trouble is allayed by considerations that blunt sorrow’s sting, and temper the iron that eats into the soul. Some evils in truth, are so

terrible, that even time itself, fails to assuage their poignancy. These, my child,"—and here his eyes glistened and his voice faltered, "are hardly to be mitigated, save by the glorious transition that brings life to a close, and opens forth a course perennial with time, and boundless as eternity. Nature kindly prohibits never-ending suffering; but the hidden grief will burst unbidden from the heart, and the sorrows of the past are renewed afresh. Come what may, however, life has its claims. We are not to inflict our miseries on others: every one, alas, has enough of his own! The daily duties and requirements of life furnish demands that are not to be evaded. Would we be wanting to ourselves, would we be wanting to others, would we be wanting"—and here his voice assumed a startling energy, "to the mighty Giver who made us what we are—granted us all we enjoy, and if he has exposed us to mighty inflictions, has also provided us with infinite amends? O gracious Being, who didst evolve me out of

nothing grant me patience for every infliction—gratitude for every good!”—

“Dearest uncle, I may not dissimulate ; God give me patience and resignation when they are needed ; but there are some things to which I can hardly allude, and where bereavement would fall as the sentence of death.”

“I understand you, my child,” replied my uncle, pressing my hand. “May Heaven shield thy young heart from this misery. Thou hadst better set out and find thy Julia : it is long since thou hast heard of her, or from her ; and God knows in what straights the darling girl may now be placed. It will further help thee to turn thy mind from thy poor friend’s loss—go. I do not want thee, even if thou couldst, to forget him or her who may be said to have died for him ; but it is only right that thou shouldst not grieve as one hopeless.”

These observations induced fresh courage, where indeed, it was greatly needed. The un-

certainty of Mrs. Hastings' conduct, along with her declining health, it might even be that she was dead, filled me with the most lively disquietude. I could not have borne to leave my uncle of my own accord, in the present juncture; but when he proposed it himself, I was not disposed to reject the overture. The generous Wriothsley, indeed, had repeatedly written during the course of past events; and now urged me in the strongest terms to visit him and witness the unalloyed happiness which he was extravagant enough to say he owed to me. But the kindly hilarity of his disposition however acceptable under other circumstances, would hardly have proved so in my existing position. But one feeling, one impulse indeed, governed me, and that was to behold the light of my life, to fold my long-lost Julia in my arms, whom once found, whatever might betide, I vowed never with my free-will to part.

I was entirely at a loss as to the proper

direction. I was reluctant to traverse regions where my Julia might not be found, much less pass over localities where she might actually reside. Her passport, I was able to ascertain, had been made out for France, Italy, Switzerland. Was she still in these countries, or in one of the great continental towns? It was even possible that she had retraced her steps, and was pursuing a homeward course. Speculation, however, alone, was useless; I must act as well as plan; therefore, taking a tender farewell of my uncle, I set out on my uncertain journey.

I first visited that great mart of wealth and poverty, of vice, and I will add, virtue—Paris. Louis XIV. had drawn the nobles from their estates to the capital, where they continued to reside at once luxurious, useless, and effeminate. I frequented the haunts of the English; I even ascertained from the lieutenant of police, the names of the British residents. There were several Mr. Hastings—but no Mrs. Hastings,

no Julia. Here, a trifling, but in one respect, remarkable occurrence ensued. I had carelessly entered one of the numerous depositories where books are lent out, and taking up Racine, the volume opened spontaneously, of course, at the play of *Athalie*. It seemed, however, a species of revelation, for there were traced lines by a pencil—lines in Julia's handwriting, and with the initials, J. H. appended. It was plain she had procured this work, and in conformity with a practice in which she sometimes indulged, had written a few cursory remarks at the bottom of a half blank page. I instantly purchased the book at the price the man named: but he was much surprised when he found that I would not have the remaining volumes. Had they, indeed, contained similar traces, I should have borne them with me; but after careful examination, found they did not. I eagerly asked the man if she had borrowed any more? "Who," said he, with a smile—"Monsieur reve—the gentleman dreams." I was guilty of

an absurdity to be sure, but love excuses still greater ones. Who ever loved, indeed, with such cool propriety, as not to have evinced some traces of extravagance?

I bore the precious volume in my breast. I kissed the dear traces, till they became illegible. What matter, Julia's dear hand had been there; her soft white fingers had turned those leaves; her bright eyes had been directed towards them. The casual circumstance reanimated my hopes, and inspired me with fresh determination: I should find my Julia, or all the energies of my nature would be at fault.

At Lyons, Montpellier, Toulouse, my search was equally fruitless. I spared no personal effort. I distributed money, that powerful agent, with a liberal hand. Sometimes, I ascertained the very apartments where Julia and her mother had resided, or the house which they had temporarily occupied. My agents were indefatigable; they saw I was in earnest, and that I rewarded their exertions without

reserve. Books, trifling articles of dress, which had been left behind, were brought to me; once even, a silk cloak, which the parties supposing I was some near relative, had the honesty to return. Leaving each place, I stated the course I should take, and promised that if the ladies, one or both, should chance drive them in the direction, were discovered and apprised of my search, a rich reward would be the result. I could not have previously imagined the interest with which I succeeded in inspiring total strangers—persons too, whose wealth and station, placed them beyond pecuniary influences. The men were slow to appreciate my motives, but the women detected them in a moment; and many a fair creature displayed smiles that might have proved dangerous to one less preoccupied than I was.

My faithful English servant would have died as he had already bled in my defence; but he had not the activity, the intelligence, and the address which my position demanded. He

was, moreover, wholly ignorant of the spoken language. Among others, I had therefore, been obliged to engage in addition, a youth, whose zeal and intelligence were really marvellous. He had rambled in one capacity or other, over all France and Italy ; and just then was out of employ. Fatherless, motherless, he would be happy to serve me now and always, so I took him at his word. He seemed to know every body, every thing, every spot. Once instructed, always instructed, on my arrival at any place, he entered into the search at once, so as to supersede the necessity of fresh agents and renewed instructions. Carlo divined my intentions almost by intuition, while his sagacity surpassed even my expectations.

Strasbourg, Geneva, Milan, Turin, not to enumerate a multitude of intervening localities, were ransacked in the search. It was surprising what minute traces were followed up. One day Carlo asked the Signor Inglese to look at some writing on a pane in the inn of an ob-

scure village. I knew in a moment : a diamond pencil which I presented to my Julia, left indelible traces of her presence.

"The evening in this sweet and genial climate is wearing fast to a close. Fireflies flit around ; the plaintive nightingale sings—but, ah, where is he, and where am I?"

"Infelice di non esser con cui s' ama."

Nothing would have deterred me from buying the pane save the probability of breaking it in taking out, for which there were no immediate facilities. I could know no pause ; the dear hand that had traced those lines—a greater treasure, was still to gain. Alas ! I was becoming heart-sick.

"*Sta Sicuro*," said Carlo, "*noi la troveremmo*."

"That were well, but we have hitherto sought in vain."

"Why, Signor, there are Florence, and Bologna, and Naples, and Pavia, and Rome, where

many English go, and in some one of which, the Signora will doubtless be found."

"Yes—but Carlo, if we should pass her on the way."

"Courage, Signor, that may not be."

In effect I set out for Florence on the same day, and notwithstanding the reputed dangers of the road arrived in safety. Here it was certain that Julia and her mother had recently been, for we traced them to a house which they had occupied but a month before. The elder lady, the proprietor of the mansion stated, seemed very unwell, but, notwithstanding the wishes of the younger, her companion, refused to remain. Whether they had left the city he could not say: the neighbourhood as well as the whole Val d'Arno, abounded with villas and residences of various description, one of which they might have engaged. I determined not to leave Florence till there was no longer a possibility of its proving the asylum of Julia and

her mother. I might be breathing the same air as my beloved ; or—O misery ! she might have left, or be in the act of leaving, without my having the power to prevent.

“ O, Signor,” exclaimed Carlo, as he ran in one day, “ I met a funeral procession on its way to the English burying ground, and was told—for I asked, that it was a lady named Hastings ; I instantly ran to communicate the intelligence, but I shall now proceed to ascertain further particulars.”

Horror of horrors—could anything have assailed my Julia ? This was my first idea, and one which plunged me into distraction. Then I bethought me it must be her mother, whose failing health rendered the fact of her death anything but improbable. This consideration I will confess tended to allay my uneasiness ; but it might not be the Mrs. Hastings ; there might be others in Florence of that very name. Still, my Julia was perhaps alone and desolate in a foreign land. I calculated much on Carlo’s

intelligence and activity ; but I was haunted by the dread of failure, the possibility of some new mishap. At length, he arrived, after an interval in reality incredibly short, but which in my suspense, seemed interminable.

"Signor, Signor," he joyfully exclaimed, "I have found her. I know every street in Florence, and can take you to the house blindfold."

I rushed onward, outstripping even my agile companion, and incurring imminent risk of being crushed by the carts and carriages in the crowded thoroughfare. As I knew not the direction however, I was obliged perforce, to wait occasionally. In no long time, we arrived at a house in the environs, surrounded by the myrtle, the orange, and the vine, as well as a profusion of flowering shrubs. Here, such was my agitation, that my heart beat violently, my respiration became thick and hurried, and my knees began to fail. It was only with the assistance of Carlo that I was able to stand. In a second

or two, I rallied sufficiently to proceed to the porch; the door was ajar. I motioned Carlo to pause, and entered the passage alone. Sounds of sobbing and of woe blended with soft Italian accents, bespeaking the voice of a female and a comforter, were sadly audible. I flew in the direction—I arrived at the door of the apartment. I stood, I hesitated, I dared not enter—my very existence almost depended on the events of the next few moments. What if Julia were numbered with the dead; what if her mother alone survived; what if it were another!

I could bear the suspense no longer; it had become intolerable. I pushed gently, the door yielded, and oh, ecstasy, it was Julia herself! I could not mistake that form, every lineament of which was graven on my memory. Her back, however, was towards me and folds of sable velvet concealed her person. Her head was buried in her hands, and standing over her was the lady whose voice I had already heard. Now,

a new dread seized me. Here I was, without the least prior intimation of my presence. What might be the ill effects of my sudden appearance? Here, then, I stood riveted to the spot, my heart bounding with delight, alike afraid to recede or advance. The matter however, was soon decided.

“O Jesu!” exclaimed the Italian, “ecco un cavaliere!” Julia started with surprise and terror; scarcely however, had she turned her eyes on me, when a loud cry and an effort to rise and meet me ensued; but it was too much—she sank fainting on the floor. In an instant she was raised in my arms; I entreated her with every accent that love and tenderness could supply. I cursed my precipitancy, while her companion ran up and down the room, threw open the casement, crossed herself with agitation, and spoke with unceasing volubility. At length, she rallied; “Charles,” she faintly murmured. “Julia,” I whispered in reply. A flood of tears came to her relief. By this

time, the lady, her companion, perceiving that I was an older acquaintance than herself, had considerably left the apartment.

I pressed the darling girl to my bosom; I lavished countless endearments; and kissed her unresisting lips a thousand times. She looked in my face with smiles mixed with tears, and a countenance in which soft confusion, mixed with love and tenderness, had called up blushes that rendered her doubly charming in my eyes. Suddenly, her lips quivered, as in low accents she uttered the words—"Charles, my poor mother." "I know it sweetest; she has closed her troubled, anxious career, and exchanged this fleeting scene, for one more happy and permanent. Trust me, my Julia, it shall be my fond aim to supply her place; and by the most unlimited devotion of which the heart of man is capable, to make amends for her loss. Ah, Julia, dearest, forgive me for suffering you ever to leave my sight—fool that I was!" "Nay,

now, Charles, how could you have helped it ; rather blame me for leaving you."

It were a long tale to tell how Mrs. Hastings had gone from country to country, and from town to town, till sheer inability alone, stayed her wandering course at last. Even in her last moments, she would essay to exert her enfeebled limbs, and give orders for carriages to Rome, Naples, and elsewhere ! Her daughter with exemplary patience, had yielded to every caprice ; night or day during her last illness, she had never for a moment left her. Prior to her death, as I learned from my darling Julia, with many sobs and interruptions, she had called her daughter to her side, and thus addressed her —

"My sweet child, I fear I have acted a very improper part towards you ; but my present situation has removed the film from my eyes, and enabled me to see things in a better and clearer light. I have unwisely taken you from

the presence and protection of one who loved you, and here I am about to expire in a foreign land, leaving you not only alone and unfriended, but with finances, I fear, sadly curtailed by my improvident wanderings. My time is wearing to a close ; forgive me my child, for I knew not what I did. You have only, I feel assured, to apprise Mr. Thornley of your position. Your marriage with that gentleman has my hearty concurrence—may every blessing prove yours and his. Now kiss me, my child—once more ; oh, farewell !”

Indeed, it was only by a species of gentle coercion that I could induce my poor Julia to relate the whole ; and her face was hidden in my bosom, while the broken accents parted from her tongue.

O, happiness ! I had thus regained my young—my lovely—my constant—my good—my angelic Julia. I was more than repaid for all my cares—for all my sorrows. If ever there was a woman in whom bodily charms and

mental culture vied for the supremacy, it was she. "I still hoped, though interrupted by a thousand fond caresses," she said, "to rejoin you, my Thornley, and never wholly omitted those pursuits which we once shared together; and in which, perseverance I knew and felt, would render me more worthy of being your companion." Her mother's finances I found, were more than exhausted; but she had found kind friends—those, who, could she have consented, would have been as sisters to her for the remainder of her days. But Providence had designed for her another destiny—an English husband and an English home.

I also, had much to relate; my sore trials when her letters ceased; Edward Perkins and Ellen Fanshawe's deaths. The sad recital elicited floods of tears. It was not in the nature of things however, that sorrow should long abide in our hearts. I was hers—and she was mine; and the consciousness of this was a happiness that nothing could dispel. We walked, we

drove, we rode, along the banks of the pleasant Arno attended by my English servant and Carlo—the one like a sturdy mastiff, the other as a lively spaniel. The latter, for whom I had come to entertain a real regard, set no bounds to his delight when he knew that he was to be retained in my employ. The evenings we generally spent in the society of Julia's Italian friends. Indeed, at their request, and conformably with her sex and position, she had abandoned the solitary villa for their spacious and splendid mansion. These kind-hearted and accomplished people sympathized with all their hearts in our happiness, and treated us in all respects as if we had been one of themselves. Need I say that I wrote without delay to my dear kind uncle; at once apprizing him of my felicity, and soliciting his permission and concurrence in a matter which engaged all my attention.

A month had elapsed. The swift-fleeting hours flew away as they fly—alas, all too fast,

with the happy. "My Julia," I one day said,—"my own Julia will not be offended if her Charles ask her to name the day that shall crown his felicity and render him the proudest of men?" She blushed, she trembled.

"Dearest Charles," she replied, "you take me by surprise. Consider the recency of my poor mother's death; and otherwise, Charles," and that dear face became suffused with tenderest blushes, "why so very soon?"

"Life of my heart," I urged her, "why delay, why refuse to make your own Charles happy? Consider my poor uncle too, bereft and alone."

"Ah, yes," she said, "he must be written to —apprized."

"Sweet woman-craft, see here," handing her my uncle's reply containing the warmest expression of his approbation relative to our projected union; adding that he hoped I would not prolong my stay beyond what I could help, since he missed me sadly. "She would fain," he said, "be present at the ceremony, but Miss

Hastings can only travel with you as your wife; and I long to embrace my daughter."

Driven from every subterfuge, she hid her face in my bosom. "I can no longer Charles, refuse you what you ask," and from that moment the darling girl was for ever mine. Our kind Italian friends were desirous that we should prolong our stay; but Julia had fixed the day of our departure as that of our marriage; and for this and other reasons, I was anxious to be gone.

The chaplain of the English embassy performed the ceremony. Never had my Julia looked more charming. Her perfect beauty was dashed by a tinge of pensiveness, that only rendered it more attractive. "*E bellissima—e superba,*" exclaimed, as well they might, the wondering and admiring Italians. After an early breakfast and countless '*benediziones*' and '*adios,*' and possessed of that princely treasure, a loving woman's heart, I gave the signal, and the prancing horses hastened away.

For some time we sped in silence, Julia struggling with emotions, which I felt unwilling to interrupt. At last they claimed utterance in a burst of tears. "Ah, Charles," she exclaimed, "I am leaving all that remains of my once fond mother; and I feel as if wanting to her ashes in parting with them thus, and so soon." I soothed her troubled soul, with every passionate entreaty, till at last, she smiled sweetly in my face, and the liquid heaven of her eye, reflected an image that was also graven on her heart. Why should she experience unhappiness; was she not united with every sanction the world could bestow, to one who loved her with feelings almost amounting to idolatry.

I have no incidents to relate. We journeyed at a rapid rate, and endeavoured to avoid the casualties with which travelling is beset. The safest routes were always selected. My servants were resolute men; and when it came to an emergency, I had no hesitation in procuring an

escort. It would have ill comported with my purposes, to have exposed my Julia to the shadow of a risk.

Our route, indeed, extended through pleasant regions, but they divided little of my attention which was consecrated to the beloved object who clung to my side. She had no other in the world but me; but I was her adoring husband, and that, as she fondly expressed it, was enough.

In due time I presented her to my uncle. He received her with the embraces, and the blessing of a father. "Thy sweet wife," he said, "surpasses in gorgeous beauty, the imaginings of a dream; and she is good as she is beautiful, and wise as she is good." It was now my turn to blush with pleased surprise; and I acknowledged in glowing terms the fullness of my satisfaction. "Ah, my darling boy, may misery's blight never wither thy good fortune; and may each revolving year, find thee happier than its predecessor."

I had lost one kind friend, since my departure—Father Power was no more. When last I parted from that good man, he looked me wistfully in the face, and grasped my hand again and again, as if unwilling to let it go. He murmured to himself, but I could only hear him say—“No, his young heart is sufficiently charged without further freight from me.”

“He was found in his cell,” related my uncle, “lying dead on his bed of stone; a thin rug spread under him, another covering his attenuated remains. The flinty pavement beside his couch, was worn by the frequent impress of his knees; a hair-cloth garment, worn next his skin; and save a scull, a lamp, an iron crucifix, and a slab, which served as a table, set in the wall, there was no other garniture in the narrow apartment. His hands were clasped in the attitude of prayer, and his eyes even in death, fixedly directed towards the empyreal heaven. Anything more humble, more contrite, more supplicating, less debased by earthly

stain, than the face of the deceased, was never seen. Hard, hard would be the heart that could survey it unmoved. A packet on the table there, was directed to you ; there were also a few lines to myself, imbodying in mild but earnest terms, as his dying request, that the village surgeon, to whom Mr. Power was much attached, and with whom he had come in frequent contact in his ministerings among the poor, should remove his heart, enclose it in an urn of some humble material, and place it at Mr. Charles Thornley's disposal, for a purpose that should be named. ' This,' added my uncle, was done ; ' and the heart of this pious man, enclosed in a small golden urn, has been placed in thy private study, beside the packet which I have named.' "

No mere vulgar curiosity, it will be believed, animated me when I narrate that I hastened to the apartment in question—there, indeed, sat the urn, there lay the parcel. On opening the latter, the miniature of the dearly-loved and

and long-lamented, Doña Isabel, her letters, and a lock of her coal-black hair, with a communication to the following effect, came in view.

“Ah, friend—to no other living being should these few lines be addressed ; but I have fullest confidence in thy honour and thy sympathy.

“I have struggled with this unhappy passion so alien to my office, my profession, with all the energies of my soul. The walls of this my solitary cell might reveal a tale of sighs, and tears, and groans, through many a midnight hour ; but when I thought I had succeeded—when a more tranquil and befitting frame of mind came over me, one sight of that peerless countenance, one glance at that raven hair, unmanned me as before.

“It might be said to me—why did I not part with these magic relics—why did I not destroy links that bound me, as with adamantine fetters, to a world which I had for ever

relinquished? Ah, they know not the human heart, those who could ask this question. They were the life of my life—the pabulum of my being; without them I could not have supported the tedium of existence for a single hour.

“I ask thee as one who implores it from the grave, to reunite this lock of hair, these letters—they were from my Isabel—with my lifeless, but still loving remains. As for the heart which is placed before thee, a time perchance may come—and a voice whispers that it will, when thou mayest be able to deposit it in her tomb !

“I had to support a burden greater than I could bear : O, may the Being who imposed it, and who alone knows all my sufferings, pity me and forgive.

“To thee my friend, what apology can I offer, what excuse can I plead ? There is none, no, there is none ! I can only throw myself on thy noble sympathies to which the oppressed

and stricken have never appealed in vain. Now, farewell, may every happiness be thine—a long a last farewell.”

My confused and clouded vision hardly sufficed, shall I confess it, to bring me to the close; and ever and again, the choking matter rose in my throat, and compelled me to lay the letter down.

“Pure and virtuous man,” I exclaimed, “thou hast already experienced pardon for thy imaginary crime: God will not punish for purely loving, whatever false standard of right or wrong erring mortals may erect. United to thy long-lost Isabel, thou dost already taste the joys of that paradise to which thy rich and rare deserts so well entitle thee.” And here I vowed if it might be done, some day to place that true heart in its chosen depository; as for his remaining behests, they were obeyed to the letter. One last look at the image of that rare produce of a southern sky—one kiss bestowed on those jetty locks, and both were placed at

the solemn hour of night, on the breast of Father Power. The packet soiled and faded, bore in feminine characters that had been washed with many a tear, the inscription hardly legible, "Al Signor Power." The world had made him a monk — but God had made him a man!

Seasons had passed away, happy, fleeting, prosperous, when all at once, my uncle now well stricken in years, announced his intention to visit the western world once more. He would see before he died, the resting-place of his Elizabeth; and if he never returned, was sure he should retain a place in our memories. Astonished beyond measure at the announcement, I combated, but combated it in vain. He had well pondered his intention; he would go, he said, and he would go alone. I was happy and independent; able to guide and to govern, as well as to protect those who were dependant on me. A brief period must necessarily close his career; and why not gratify his last desire

ere he died. Amid our tears and lamentations, he departed. We saw him no more—no, that benevolent loving countenance we never beheld again.

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After a long, long interval, I again take up the pen. Changed am I—all around me changed; but in one thing unchanged, I love my Julia—she loves me, tenderly as before. Two stalwart sons grace my board; and a daughter lovely, winning, the image of my Julia in her prime, completes our happiness.

By a singular coincidence, my old friend Wriothsley, now a peer of the realm, has two daughters and a son. Frequent interchanges of visits are made; and from the demeanour of

the young people, it is clear that something must come of it. Somehow, this young Lord Wriothsesley is never from the Hall; and he pays me attentions whereat my sons are in no wise jealous: indeed, they sometimes laugh at his zeal which only redoubles the more. My sweet child's looks are variable; sometimes she grows suddenly pale, at others blushes like the rose in June. Occasionally, she kisses and fondles me with strange affection; and I fear I get kisses that are not always strictly mine!

I too, have become erratic. I must visit Spain—the Americas; but mean nevertheless, to lay my bones in the land of my fathers. My children—strange to say, are satisfied—they think nothing of crossing the Atlantic. Young Wriothsesley even, solicits permission to accompany me. “What,” said I—“leave your parents, your”—I paused; what was I about to say? “Your daughter,” whispered the young man—no never.” He knelt before me; a fair form half voluntarily, half otherwise, bent be-

side him. Would I, pleaded the youth, in accents that reminded me of times long past—would I sanction his suit—their union? A timid face with eyes swimming in tears, also looked up in mine. I clasped them in my arms, as I yielded my assent, and my blessing along with it. “But your mother, my sweet Julia.” “She has consented before” repeated a loved form by my side.

Mr. Aitkins, now an aged, and, although no children blessed his path, a contented man, with his Maria by his side, united the happy pair. In other respects, the nuptials were celebrated with all the pomp that befitted our ancient lines. Accompanied by young Lord Wriothesley and his blooming bride, I set out in the suite of the Spanish Ambassador to whom I was formally introduced, and in due time reached Madrid.

About a couple of leagues from that ancient capital on the road to Seville, there is an old oratorio or chapel dedicated, as an almost oblite-

rated inscription imports, "Al Santissima Trinidad," to the most Holy Trinity. Here, we one day drove; and through proper intercession, were conducted by a decrepit friar to a low crypt or vault that had been set apart for the use of a particular family. It had however—it so fell out, been never used save once. A white marble slab bearing deeply but irregularly graven, the one word—"Isabel," closed the entrance. It was carefully detached. Torches now revealed the long-concealed interior; and on trestles covered with the relics of a velvet pall, rested the coffin of that ill-fated lady. The urn containing the faithful heart, was reverently deposited thereon. A low sound which soon subsided, followed the performance of this solemn rite. This, which a vivid imagination might have ascribed to another source, doubtless arose from the crumbling down of the dear remains agitated by the slight contact. The aged friar crossed himself, and soon the stone was replaced and cemented

as before. I had thus performed the last sacred behest of my friend—and well satisfied, turned to go. My poor children however, were sobbing as if convulsed. Well they knew the sad tale; and their young hearts had drank in to overflowing, the melancholy inspiration of the scene.

We had no motive for delay; and it was suggested that at Cadiz or Barcelona, we might find vessels bound for the new world. Accordingly, furnished with letters of introduction, we proceeded to the former port, where we arrived just in time, to embark with the governor of the Havanna.

On reaching that port after a safe and speedy voyage, we took shipping in a fast-sailing schooner for Charleston, whence we proceeded by easy stages to Virginia. On making ourselves known, my uncle's relatives, numerous and flourishing, received us with acclamation; and some of them were kind enough to accompany us to the lake. They had heard of him

who was no more ; were well aware of his bereavement, and revered his memory. Our friends freed us from all solicitude as to the manner of our journey, which was pleasantly performed through the once desolate, but now peopled wilderness.

Not far from Chataouque river, near its termination in the lake, if the traveller will examine a thicket to the right, he will perceive one of those enclosures where the early settlers were wont to deposit their dead. Three mounds, with one rudely graven, moss-grown stone, mark the spot.

"Sacred to the Memory

OF

ELIZABETH THORNLEY.

This stone is erected by her ever-grieving husband, who also hopes to repose here."

Here then, was the mortal resting-place of my uncle, his Elizabeth, and their faithful Indian friend ! Some aged men in the vicinity, who had known and loved my uncle in his

youth, received and welcomed him on his return. They tended his last moments, and at his request, had deposited his remains where they lay. Of these old men however, not one now survived. Some indeed, there were, who had heard the story, and could point to the spot as the grave of their founder.

I need not, I cannot describe our unavailing regrets: we experienced all that the scene or the occasion could inspire. The evening of our departure was glorious even in that western clime. The golden rays of the sun tinged the forest green, and gilded the far-spread waters, as we surveyed them for the last time. A mighty ash-tree shaded the tombs; and the evening breeze sung sweetly as it played through branches, which pointed in the direction of those that were gone.

THE END.





